The Toilet

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TORONTO, JANUARY, 1885.

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60 Widow in the cottage by the Sea
65 The Minstrel Boy.
70 Take Back the Heart.
72 The Faded Coat of Blue.[Night
77 My Old Kentucky Home, Good
84 I'll be all Smiles to night, Love.
88 Listen to the Mocking Bird.
93 Her bright smile haunts me still
94 Sunday Night When the Parlors
95 The Gypsy's Warning [Full.
102 'Tis But a Little Faded Flower.
104 The Girl I Left Behind Me.
106 Little Buttercup.
107 Carry Me Back to Old Virginny.
112 The Old Man's Drunk Again.
116 I Am Waiting, Essie Dear.
119 Take Me Back to Home and [Mother.
120 Come, Sit By My Side, Darling.
121 Kiss Me, Kiss your Darling.
123 A Flower from Mother's Grave.
124 The Old Log Cabin on the Hill.
130 Coming Thro' the Rye. [gers.
131 Must We, Then, Meet as Stran-
138 The Kiss Behind the Door.
139 I'll Remember You, Love, in [My Prayers.
146 You May Look, but mustn't [Touch.
150 There's Always a Seat in the [Parlor for You.
152 I've no mother now, I'm weeping
158 Massa's in de Cold, Cold [Ground.
159 Say a Kind Word When you can
165 I Cannot Sing the Old Songs.
166 Norah O'Neal.
167 Waiting, My darling, for Thee.
168 Jennie the Flower of Kildare.
170 I'm lonely Since My Mother died
172 Tenting on the Old Camp [Ground.
176 Don't You go, Tommy, Don't Go
180 Willie, We Have Missed You.
182 Over the Hills to the poor house
186 Don't be Angry with Me, Darling
191 Flirtation of the Fan.
194 Why did she leave him? [other.
196 Thou Hast learned to Love an-
203 There's None Like a Mother.
204 You Were false, but I'll Forgive
209 Whisper Softly, Mother's Dying
211 Will You Love Me When I'm [Old.
220 Annie Laurie.
222 Sherman's March to the Sea.
224 Come, Birdie, Come.
228 Love among the roses.
232 Old Arm Chair.
239 The Sailor's Grave.
242 Farmers Daughter, or [Chickens in the garden
243 Oh! Dem Golden [Slippers.
246 Poor, but a gentleman [Still.
249 Nobody's Darling but [Mine.
254 Put my Little Shoes [Away.
258 Darling Nelly Gray.
263 Little Brown Jug.
260 Ben Bolt.
267 Good-Bye, Sweetheart.
269 Sadie Ray.
270 Tim Finigan's Wake.
273 The Hat My Father Wore.
276 I've only been down to the club
277 Kiss Me Again.
279 The Vacant Chair.
280 The Sweet Sunny South.
283 Come Home Father.
284 Little Maggie May.
286 Molly Bawn.
288 Sally in Our Alley.
289 Poor Old Ned.
292 Man in the Moon is Looking.
295 Broken Down.
300 My Little One's waiting for Me
301 I'll go back to My old love again
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THE LADIES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME IV.
No. 5

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1885.

50 CENTS per annum.

ILLUSTRATED DESIGNS

We direct the special attention of our lady readers, since they now have a personal interest in the usefulness and excellence of the monthly designs, to the illustrations for the present month, as embodying many of the latest and most approved ideas of the season, and those also which are likely to be the most permanently useful. The "Ruperto" costume, for example, is a very stylish suit, which will commend itself to all for its useful and practical character, as well as for its becoming and ladylike design. It consists of an overskirt draped evenly over a foundation skirt edged with a tucked and box-pleated flounce. The jacket is tight-fitting, excepting the two box-pleats in the back, which lay well over the drapery. Overskirt and jacket are the same length all round, and the whole is finished with bands of fur, or braids, solid or clustered, or in short ends, slantwise, to suit taste and climate. The design is suited to lighter wools, or heavier cloth, and the trimming should be fur or braid, according as it is needed for a cold or moderate climate.

The "Arellane" costume has something of the same character, but it is commended as better adapted to combinations of two fabrics, or plain and figured in the same class of goods. If the combination is velvet and wool, the front of the skirt may be of plain or broche velvet or velveteen; if of velvet or velveteen alone, the front may be of the broche pattern, the back plain, or should all wool or cloth be preferred, and the plain front is disliked, it can be easily striped with bands of the Astrakhan that is used for the vest, and the bordering to skirt and sleeves. The design forms a polonaise over a foundation skirt, which is covered and trimmed upon the front, and has a pleated flounce. The Breton vest is of the Astrakhan, or properly lamb's-wool, there being no such thing as Astrakhan, and this also is used to form the standing collar.

In addition to the complete costumes, there are two trimmed skirts and two exceptionally stylish basques which deserve attention. The "Vestigia" skirt naturally suggests two materials, and looks well in all black, plain velvet or velveteen and wool, or velvet and silk, or silk and wool, the new faille, for example, with handsome camel's-hair cloth. The front and back would be of the silk or velvet, the sides and drapery of the wool or silk, provided the velvet combination was used, the basque of velvet or wool, not of silk unless the silk is rich and lustreless. The trimming is beaded passementerie, and is placed upon the folds which form the panels, upon the edge of the festooned drapery, and ornaments to correspond are placed across the front of the basque. Of course colors may be used, but the design has been tested in black, though it would doubtless look as well in any fine dark shade. The "Orinda" basque is a very handsome and suitable one for this skirt; it is youthful, but at the same time elegant looking, well curved in over the hips, and beautifully shaped and fitted. The "Savanta" is better adapted to cloth or wool, but is very graceful in shape, with square fronts, curved sides, and narrow postilion back. The trimming is braid, but it may be any flat trimming that suits the wearer. Corresponding to this basque is a trimmed skirt—the "Aylesford"—which is arranged in a most effective manner. The two sides of this is quite different, the drapery on one falling to the edge of the skirt, while upon the other it is looped high, disclosing a panel which is doubled in effect by meeting the back drapery. The trimming on this materialconsists of mohair or tinsel or braids, the latter not desirable unless the braids are handsome and the thread genuine, so that they will not readily tarnish.

The "Euphrasia" toilet displays a combination of rich materials, which may be varied in several different ways. As shown in the illustration, it is designed in a combination of rich plain brocaded silk or stain, with pleated front of the puffed lace, and lace trimming. The side panels and plastron are of the brocade, the sleeves, bodice, and train of the plain fabric. This arrangement, however, may be reversed. The train, which is cut all in one with the bodice in "Princess' style, may be made of the brocade, the panels of the plain fabric, enriched by *motifs* of jet, steel, or *applique* embroidery, and the front of the lace as in the first. The dress is distinguished, and, with its train, only adapted to handsome fabrics and dressy occasions. The latter is not extravagant in length, but it is as long as most ladies care to have such toilets, as it must serve for dinners as well as evening receptions and entertainments. The plastron should on all occasions correspond with the panels, but it is not necessary to cut the square neck if a high one is preferred, for the square is only marked in the pattern, not cut out. A puffing of silk, with a shirred heading, surrounds the train, and edges the front of the skirt.

The "Ambra" visite is an excellent example of a stylish visiting and carriage garment, made in brocaded velvet, black or ruby, or black upon a black and amber ground, with chenille fringe arranged to form a triple row, and lining of quilted satin. It will be observed that the sleeve is very graceful, giving more the effect of the dolman than the mandarin sleeve, which is not graceful, and has only the merit of being loose and easy of adjustment. The "Sieba" cape is a jaunty little affair that any young lady can make for herself in cloth, velvet, or plush. To make a pretty school or shopping outfit a and satchel muff to match, would und desirable.

WINTER COSTUMES.

Fig. 1.—The "Ruperta" costume shows a becoming and dressy method of making up all wool, velvet and wool, or silk and wool goods. It is represented made in heavy bison cloth of a dark red shade, and the garniture is otter fur and black mohair braid. The jacket is tight-fitting, and the fulness in the back is laid in plaits below the waist line. The braid is used on the front only, to give a vest shape. The skirt drapery is the same length all around, and is gracefully wrinkled in front and egectively looped in the back. The foundation skirt is trimmed with a box-plaited flounce, which is tucked. The hat that is worn with this costume is a dark red felt poke, with a modified point in front and a moderately high crown. The brim is edged and faced with fancy gold braid, and the outside is trimmed with red velvet and fancy feathers.

The design of this costume is suitable for cloth, velvet and all woollen materials, and the garniture should always be in consonance with the goods selected. The double illustration showing the arrangements of the back is given among the separate fashions, accompanied by a description telling the quantity of material and trimming required to make a medium size. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

Fig. 2.—This shows the back view of the "Arellane" costume made in gray tricote cloth, and trimmed with bands of mixed gray Astrakhan cloth The bottom of the foundation skirt is trimmed with a narrow protective plaiting, and above this, on the front, is a wide band of the Astrakhan. The back of the skirt is made to look dressy by a deep gathered flounce the lower edge of which is trimmed with a narrower width of Astrakhan than is used in the front of the skirt, and this trimming is carried up the side and is very effective. Above this, the double puff furnishes sufficient tournure. The Breton vest is made of Astrakhan cloth, and the fronts are very much cut away, showing the underskirt its entire length. The double illustration is given among the separate fashions. The stylish hat is a poke shape, similiar to that shown on Fig. 1, made of gray velvet and trimmed with fancy feathers in shaded grays. Price of costume patterns, thirty cents each size.

A FOOTLIGHT FAVORITE.

CHAPTER VII.

"Sit down, Hugh," Leslie said gently, as soon as they were alone—"sit down and listen to me, Hugh."

He threw himself moodily into a chair, leaning his head on his hand. Leslie stood by, slim and stately in her rich velvet dress, very pale, very sorrowful, suffering, poor girl, more deeply than it was possible for him to suffer

"You are angry with me," she said softly; "but indeed you have no cause. Hugh, you remember, do you not, a few words which passed between us on the morning I left Oakhampton? I told you"—she spoke with difficulty now and only by a strong effort retained her self control, and forced the parched and quivering lips to obey her—"that there was one *role* I could not perform, one part I did not choose to fill, and you told me you would never ask me to fill it, Hugh."

"I am not asking you to fill it, Leslie," he urged passionately, as he caught her hands and drew him towards him—"I am not. I love you—I love you!"

He dropped his head upon her hands as they held hers, as the words broke from *him, and he felt the shiver which made* Leslie quiver from head to foot.

"Yes, you love me," she answered gently. "I do not doubt that, Hugh, n ither do I doubt your truth and faith; but"—she removed her hands as she spoke, and the low sweet tones grew a little unsteady—"do you love me as a man should love the woman he is going to make his wife? Do you love me even as well as you loved me six months ago, when you asked me to be your wife?"

"Leslie," he exclaimed fervently, "on my honor, on my life, I have not been unfaithful to you; no word has ever passed—"

"Have I not told you that I do not doubt your truth?" she said earnestly. "I know that even now you would make me your wife, and you would give me all that a wife can claim of honor and respect and care and tenderness, all save the love which is not yours to give now. But, dear, I asked for none of these things, nor for your wealth and luxury and position; and the thing I did ask for, and which I, as your wife, should have had a sacred right to claim, you cannot give, and I will have none of the rest."

"Leslie, you hurt me!" he said, in a low broken voice of pain, stirred to his inmost soul by her tone no less than her words; and at the anguish in his voice her own calmness broke down.

"I hurt you?" she cried, with a choked passionate sob—"I hurt you, Hugh. I?" And she sank down kneeling beside him, and tried to remove the hands with which he had covered his face. "I hurt you?" she repeated piteously. "Ah, do not say that, Hugh—do not say that!"

All the manhood in him rose at the piteous broken cry. By the power of her own faithfulness and truth she forced him to be true. Lifting his head and uncovering his face, he looked at her, full of pain and remorse and suffering.

"Listen to me, Leslie," he said hoarsely; "let me tell you the truth. I have been a coward too long and a traitor. I was a traitor to ask you, whom I did not truly love, to be my wife. I was unworthy then, but still more unworthy now, of any kind thoughts of yours. You are better a thousand times than I am, more faithful, truer, nobler, purer, and Heaven knows that I honor you from my soul; and if you will take me, unworthy as I am, my whole life to come will be devoted to your happiness and the endeavor to blot out my treachery and shame. Leslie, I am a weak, guilty coward, unworthy, Heaven knows, of any woman's love; but, if you will try me once more, dear, and forget the past, I will be true."

He was pale to ghastliness as he spoke, and his voice was low and husky. It had cost him much to utter the words he had spoken, to humble himself, to confess his weakness and cowardice, and Leslie measured the cost as she looked at the white and haggard face, the dim eyes, the unsteady hands. She was standing beside him now, her face full of pity and tenderness, her eyes soft and misty with unshed tears; she leant slightly towards him, and put a gentle hand on his shoulder.

"And Bee?" she said with a little tremulous smile. "Is her heart to be broken, Hugh?"

He uttered a hoarse exclamation of passionate pain, and half arose; but the gentle pressure on his shoulder prevented him, light as it was, and the sweet eyes looking at him so gravely silenced the agitated words that arose to his lips.

"Why should three lives be spoiled?" she said gently—"yours and hers and my own, Hugh? We made—you and I—a great mistake some months ago; but it is not too late to repair it, so that all three may be happy, instead of miserable. Go back to the pretty innocent child whose heart is yours, and whom you love, and make her happy. Tell her from me that you have been far truer to me than I deserved, since I knew from the first that we were wrong; tell her also that no one wishes her all happiness more sincerely than I do, that I am glad to have seen you together in your beatiful home. Ah, Hugh, its beauty and grandeur would have stifled a Bohemian such as I am! You must leave me to the profession you have often said I loved better than you, and think of me as your true friend. There," she said hurriedly—"that is all; there is nothing more to say, and we are both tired."

Her voice, which had been low and faint and broken, failed her suddenly; but she smiled down at him with dim and heavy eyes. Looking up at her and seeing the change in her face, the shadow of intense anguish in her eyes, he broke into a great cry for pardon.

"Oh, Leslie, forgive me, forgive me!" he said, catching her in his arms as she stood beside him; and, as he did so, the unwonted suffering and remorse found vent, as they might have done in a woman—and indeed there was much of woman's nature in inconstant, generous Hugh Forsyth—he dropped his head on her shoulder, and burst into tears.

Very pale and trembling, Leslie bent over him in silence, waiting until he had conquered the weakness which had overcome him. When at length he raised his head, she pushed the disordered hair from his forehead and touched it with her lips; then, gently disengaging herself, she moved towards the door.

"You are not going, Leslie?" Sir Hugh said, in a low voice of great exhaustion and weakness.

She glanced back at him and smiled.

"No," she said, "for a minute only."

She was absent only long enough to fetch some wine, and to ask Mark to come in half an hour—Sir Hugh would be ready then, she said, calmly.

She went back to the drawing-room with the same rapt compassionate look on her face which had made it seem like the face of an angel in Mark's sight as she spoke to him. Sir Hugh was pacing up and down the little room with hasty uneven steps, his face haggard and worn like the face of a man who had undergone a long illness. She urged him gently to take some wine, seeing in what need he was of some support, then made him rest until Mark came.

When Mark entered the room, half an hour after, Sir Hugh was sitting on the sofa deathly pale, but calm and sad. Leslie sitting beside him, his hand clasping hers, looked wan and haggard in the soft lamp-light.

"Hugh is ready," she said, turning to Mark. "We will say good-night and good-bye now."

He rose mechanically, as if acting in obedience to her voice, and she gave him her hand with a little smile which seemed to Mark sadder than any tears he had ever seen shed.

"Hugh is thinking of going abroad," she went on, turning to Mark, "and we shall not see him for a little while. He quite understands that we are now what we shall always be, friends—and friends only. Now go," she said, her voice trembling a little. "It is very late, and I am tired." Then, seeing that Sir Hugh hesitated, she added hastily—"That is all; good-bye, Mark; go now, for pity's sake!"

And, without a word, Mark put his hand within the young man's arm and led him, unresisting, away. The moon was shining upon the little pathway, as Mark opened the hall door; outside on the deserted road the hansom waited motionless, casting a weird shadow on the roadside.

"Go back; they may want you," Sir Hugh said huskily, "Go back; and, Mark, if you can—forgive me."

He went hastily down the pathway, his step hurried and uneven. Mark turned slowly into the little hall, where Dora met him, pale and anxious, and they entered the drawing-room together.

Leslie was standing where he had left her, quite still and motionless, her velvet dress falling in long soft folds upon the carpet, the filmy lace still surrounding her face. As they went in, she looked at them with a strange, vacant, unseeing stare in her brown eyes.

"Leslie," Dora said gently, "it is very late, dear."

A faint gleam of comprehension crept into he bewildered eyes, then deepened as they turned on Mark; the sight of him recalled all she had endured during the past hour.

"Yes, it is very late," she answered, "and you must be tired, Dolly, I am very tired," she added, in a voice of inexpressible weariness, as she went towards the door, and, leaving the room, passed into the hall.

She did not falter or tremble; but, as he watched her movements, Mark was reminded of a friend, a German student at Munich, who had been mortally wounded in a duel, but who had crossed the field steadily, then paused, and dropped dead.

Leslie walked in the same stiff mechanical manner, Mark thought as he followed her, and, even as the wounded man had done, suddenly, and without warning the girl dropped at the foot of the stairs before Mark could arrest her fall.

She was quite conscious when he lifted her; she had not fainted, but she was weak and strengthless as an infant.

"Carry her to her room," Dolly said, as she followed; and Mark did so, turning the stricken face against his breast.

He laid her on the white bed in silence, and she strove to smile at him with her pale lips and whisper a word of thanks as he turned away and left her to her broken heart, and went out alone into the moonlit night.

CHAPTER VIII., AND LAST.

Playgoers in general and *habitues* of the Star Theatre in particular said that Miss Lettice Soames had never acted more brilliantly than she did that autumn. The new play, the principal *role* of which Mr. Robson, the popular playwright, had written expressly for Leslie, was a very great success, and had a long-continued run, and not once was the young actress absent from her place on the boards, although such an unbroken spell of work could not fail to try a frame so delicate as hers.

But Leslie felt that hard work was the only panacea for the pain she endured during the weeks of utter blankness and darkness which followed the rupture of her engagement to Sir Hugh Forsyth. It was only by a fierce effort of application that she could give her mind to the study of her profession, and she clung to it desperately, as a drowning man clings to a spar, even when he knows there is no chance of safety. Her wound was a mortal one, and, if it bled inwardly only, was none the less severe for that; but she was a brave woman, true and faithful, and she fought wildly against her despair, although there was in her life many an hour when to lay down her weapons and cease the strife would have seemed to her the height of all ambition and the attainment of all bliss.

When, in the sunny climes where Sir Hugh went to forget his wounded pride and regain his lost self-respect, he thought of Leslie, he tried to assure himself that she had never really cared for him, that she was too cold to love, that she had no thought but for her profession. He knew in his heart that he was wrong, and there were times when the last glance of her beautiful eyes haunted him with a terrible persistence; but when, in the early winter, he returned to Oakhampton, he forgot all else in the sunshine of Bee's smiles, in the light of her blue eyes, so full of adoring love and trust, and in the worship of the innocent heart of the sweet child-wife who had given him a love as deep and passionate as it could feel.

Leslie read of the marriage in the papers with a quiver of her firm lips; it seemed to her a little cruel that he had not written himself to tell her; he might have guessed that she would like to hear of it from himself, not through the papers, as if she were a stranger; but she said nothing, and, passing the paper over to Dora as they sat together in the pretty drawing room where Leslie had endured her agony, pointed to the paragraph without any comment.

She looked pale and thin and fragile as the weeks went by; there were dark shadows under her eyes, and sometimes, brushing out the pretty chestnut hair, she would smile sadly to find here and there a gleaming silver thread.

"A woman's life is over when she finds her first gray hair," she had read somewhere; but, even when all is gone from life which makes it precious and valuable, one must live on; rest does not come merely for the asking. Death's sickle often mows down the bright wheat-ears, and passes over the sickly, blighted, and drooping ears untouched.

Leslie, though she looked so pale and fragile, complained of no illness; and her sisters were inclined to ascribe the alteration in her appearance to the fatigue and excitement of her daily life, for in her insatiable desire for occupation she had undertaken the principal character in a new play to appear at the New Year, and there were constant rehearsals and much study required. Dora, perhaps, was the only one who noticed how disinclined she was to go to rest at night, Even when she returned fatigued to exhaustion from the theatre, she always lingered, and was always the last to suggest bed time.

"The nights are so long," she said wearily once, "one need not make them longer."

The younger girls were too much absorbed in their own affairs and too heedless perhaps, much as they loved Leslie, to be anxious in the change in her. Jenny was devoted to her music, in which she was making considerable progress and bade fair to have much success; and Madge, bright, ugly, Madge, had a lover of her own in the person of a rising young doctor, the step-brother of her little pupils; whose father, a man highly distinguished in the medical profession, was charmed with his son's choice and had offered no opposition to an engagement between them. And Leslie had taken so much tender interest in this love affair, and had

seemed so happy in her sister's happiness, that Madge's own joy had been increased and doubled by her tender sympathy, although her lover looked grave sometimes as he marked Leslie's hacking, constantly-recurring cough, which was too slight to awaken alarm in less-experienced eyes.

But one day, when he spoke to Leslie, gently suggesting change of air and a warmer climate, she looked up at him with those beautiful tired eyes of hers which always stirred the young man's heart with a feeling of pain, and laughed a little and shook her head and changed the subject so decidedly that he did not speak to her again, but went to Dora and imparted his anxiety to her. Dolly came and put her arms about her sister and whispered something about "rest and change," but Leslie as decidedly unclasped the gentle hands and put her away.

"Rest would drive me mad, I think," she said almost coldly. "And there is no need of change, Dolly. Won't you all understand that I am just a little tired, and that nothing but hard work will do any good?"

Perhaps the person who understood her best during this dark and terrible time was Mark Stretton; his own sufferings had taught him sympathy, which found a vent in thoughtful deeds, but never in words. Sometimes it seemed to him hard and unjust and unrighteous that the love which was not hers should seem so precious to her, while his own love, so great, so mighty, so patient, should be of no worth in her eyes, blinded as they still were by her love for Hugh Forsyth.

With the new year came a new triumph to the actress who had already give such proofs of power and genius. The new play was brought out and proved an entire and glorious success. No other triumph for Leslie had been so great as this. Her name was in every paper, spoken of in terms of the most enthsiastic eulogy, and she herself was genuinely pleased at her success.

"My fame will live longer than I," she said to Mark, a day or two after the first performance, as they stood together, and alone, in the green-room of the Star. "They will talk of me when I am dead, and—Why, Mark, what is it? Have I pained you? Forgive me."

"You have not pained me more than you do daily, almost hourly," he said wistfully. "Ah, Leslie, if you would only try to forget him—and be happy!"

"To forget him!" she repeated. "Why, he is the husband of another woman now! It would be a sin to think of him, would it not? And I have forgotten."

"Then, if it be so," he cried passionately, "will you not come to me and let me take care of you, and take you away from this life which is killing you? Leslie, you have known long enough that I love you—that I would give my life to make you happy. Will you give yourself to me, dear? I am not a poor man now, you know."

"Mark"—she put her hand upon his arm and looked at him with misty eyes—"do you remember telling me once of your friend Max Schroeder, who walked so steadily across the field after he had received his death-wound? I am like him, dear, I got my death-wound long ago, and some day—ah, not long to wait, I hope!—I will fall too, suddenly; and, Mark, if you really love me, you will be glad, and you will put no cypress or yew, but just roses upon my coffin, because you will know that I am glad at last."

She turned away towards her dressing-room, and Mark hurriedly left the green-room and, passing out of the stage door, went out into the night-air. It was cold and clear, a few stars shone in the dark blue of the sky, the wind was sharp and frosty; but Mark, although in evening-dress and without an overcoat, did not feel the cold in his anguish, as he paced up and down heedless of the crowd pouring into the theatre and the long line of carriages waiting their turn.

Mastering his agitation, he went into the theatre again, this time by the front entrance—he had left Jenny and Madge and Dora in a box with young Doctor Campbell. As he did so, a carriage dashed up, and a gentleman, springing out, lifted a lady from the vehicle and placed her by Mark's side without letting her feet touch the pavement in the transit. Something in the lady's laugh, as he did so, attracted Mark's attention, and he turned sharply and looked at her. She was small and slight, and dressed in black velvet with pearls round her white throat, and her face was as beautiful as a poet's dream in its youth and beauty and happiness. She did not see Mark, and, perceiving this, he drew back a little and let her husband join her, also unrecognized. He was a tall handsome man, with frank, smiling blue eyes, and he smiled tenderly at his wife as he drew her hand within his arm and moved on with her, the trailing folds of her dress brushing Mark's feet as she passed him where he stood in the shadow.

Mark smiled bitterly as he followed. The last time that he had seen that handsome happy face it had looked wan and haggard and ghastly pale in the moonlight, as they had stood together in the quiet deserted road; and, as he went up the wide carpeted stairs leading to the boxes, he hoped passionately, yet almost against hope, that Leslie would not see at among her audience.

As he took his seat in the box, he glanced swiftly and anxiously round the house.

Every seat was full; but, among the multitude of faces, in a box near the stage he saw Bee Forsyth's beautiful face, eager and expectant. Her husband had drawn slightly behind one of the curtains, and was in the shadow, but not so much so but that Mark could see his tender smile as he spoke to his wife. Had he so soon forgotten, the artist wondered; had he buried the past so completely that no spectre of it could rise up and confront him in the present?

The curtain rose, the play began, amid profound attention and stillness among the audience. There was nothing very novel about it, there was much love and jealousy, and the usual misunderstanding which a word could set right, which word however is not spoken until much misery has been wrought and mischief made; but the common plot was redeemed by admirable dialogue and dramatic situations, by scenery as perfect as it was possible to be, by some of the best acting on the London boards—above all, by the genius and beauty and power of Leslie Scott.

Her rôle, that of a loving, passionate, true-hearted woman, scorned, misunderstood, distrusted, separated from the husband whom she loved, but who was unworthy of her, and from the little child who had been the joy of her life; was one admirably suited to show her histrionic powers to their best advantage, the audience were with her, and a triumph one tenth part as great would have assured her success had she been a *debutante*. From the first moment when she came smiling on to the stage in the white satin and lace she wore as her bridal-dress, the audience was with her; they revelled in her joy, they despaired with her despair, they hoped with her hope. Never had she seemed more beautiful, and Mark felt a proud thrill that they should witness her triumph, and looked over at the box where Sir Hugh and Lady Forsyth sat. Sir Hugh was very pale now; but his eyes never left the stage, while Bee, flushed and excited, with parted lips and hurried breathing, sat equally attentive and absorbed.

Had she seen them? Mark wondered once or twice, with a little thrill of dread at the thought, then reassured himself anxiously. No, it was impossible. Among such a number of fair girls' faces, how could she distinguish one? Among such a sea of eager, agitated men, her eyes could not seek out one.

Towards the end of the second act, Mark went to the green-room, where he had the *entree*, and where delight and excitement reigned supreme among the company, the manager, and the author, who were congratulating each other and smiling at the thunders of applause which shook the building and made the roof ring again. Leslie was still on the stage; but in a few minutes she came in, excited, trembling, and panting under the weight of the flowers she bore, and they clustered round her with eager facile compliment.

Swiftly and almost brusquely she answered them, and, passing through the group, she approached Mark, and looked up at him with eager, shining eyes.

"Are they pleased?" she said abruptly.

"Pleased—overjoyed!" Mark answered, trying to speak lightly. "Jenny is rapidly going out of her mind with delight and excitement, Madge and Campbell have quite forgotten each other's existence, and Dora is divided between pride and anxiety that you should over-fatigue yourself."

"She need not fear for me. Tell her so," she said quietly. "Mark, do you know I feel to-night as if I personified those words—whose are they?—I used to sing. What are they?" she added confusedly. "Ah, I remember.

> "'Her mirth the world required,
> She bathed it in smiles of glee;
> But her heart was tired, tired,
> And now they let her be.'"

"They are sad lines, not befitting your triumph to-night," he said gently.

"Perhaps not. Forget them then. and —— You have been very good to me, Mark."

She looked at him earnestly for a moment, then turned away, muttering something about changing her dress, and left him; and he returned to Dora, with an unspoken anxiety and dread at his heart which he could not define. One or two among the audience recognized the painter, and glanced at him as he passed down the corridor; but he heeded nothing, and sat, waiting in silence for the curtain to rise on the third and last act.

It rose amid the hushed expectancy of the audience. Mark leaned forward eagerly, listening to the words spoken upon the stage, but understanding them as little as if they were spoken in an unknown tongue, and, although he looked at the actors as they moved about, he saw nothing until Leslie appeared.

She was dressed in white; long shimmering folds of silk fell around her, trimmed with cascades of softly falling lace; her hair, the pretty chestnut hair, which was designed never to become gray, although a few white hairs had appeared there so early, was falling over her shoulders in heavy waves, and gave her the appearance of youthfulness. She was very pale, but her eyes shone with a feverish lustre which gave her loveliness a strange intensity and force.

A burst of applause, loud and prolonged, greeted her as she came slowly down the stage; and she bowed her head in recognition of her reception. As she lifted it again, glancing round the theatre with a little stereotyped smile, Mark saw her face change, and knew that what he had dreaded had taken place—she had seen Sir Hugh and Lady Forsyth. The applause died away, the audience became still, and waited.

Standing motionless upon the stage, she tried to speak. Twice she made the attempt—her lips parted, but no words came; and those who stood by her saw that a look of wild intense agony came into the beautiful eyes, and glanced at each other in fear. Among the audience there was no alarm; it was acting, they thought, wonderful, lifelike, matchless acting, but only acting.

But hush, hark—surely that one low, yet terribly distinct and anguish-stricken cry was not acting, although it came from the actress's lips! Surely she was not acting as she fell suddenly forward, her arms outstretched before her, upon her face, and lay there a motionless figure, a mass of shimmering costly silk and streaming chestnut hair.

When they lifted her up she was quite dead; the "bullet" had touched her heart at last.

* * * * * * *

All night her sisters watched beside her as she lay upon her bed, white and still, a faint little smile parting her lips. Many a long night she had lain there wrestling with her anguish, choking back her tears lest her sobs should disturb her sisters, fighting against the love she could not kill, which conquered her at last; but now as she lay there were no tears upon her face, her eyes were closed and the long lashes swept her cheek; she was smiling, and there was a look of peace upon her face which had long been a stranger there. At her feet and on her breast, and in the waxen hands folded so meekly upon her breast, they placed the flowers which had been showered upon her in such profusion and in such admiration a few hours before; and as the dawn broke in the eastern sky, they left her there to her rest.

* * * * * * *

As, through the chill gray dawn of the wintry day, Mark left the house and turned his face towards the home which would ever be a lonely and a sorrowful one, a faint stir of life was beginning to move in the great city. It seemed as if its mighty heart were beginning to throb once more with renewed life and vigor. Mark pushed his hair from his brow to let the chill morning wind blow upon it, and let his weary eyes rest upon the gray expanse above him, in which the pale light was slowly breaking. But he saw nothing but the calm beautiful face of the dead woman, as she lay with a smile upon her lips.

Greatness and fame and wealth had been in her grasp; the laurels of fame had filled the little hands now crossed so meekly on the pulseless heart, her name was on the lips of the world and in the hearts of the people to whom she had given such pleasure; but he knew that to her death was welcome, and he tried, with all his aching desolate heart, to be glad it had come so painlessly and mercifully.

And as he walked there seemed to come to him from the great city which he was approaching the soft melody of the words she had sung in the lighted drawing-room of Oakhampton Court, and he saw again the look in her eyes as she sang them—

> "Strew on her roses, roses,
> And never a spray of yew.
> In quiet she reposes—
> Ah, would that I did too!
>
> "Her mirth the world required,
> She bathed it in smiles of glee;
> But her heart was tired, tired,
> And now they let her be.
>
> "Her life was turning, turning
> In mazes of heat and sound;
> But for peace her soul was yearning,
> And now peace laps her round.
>
> "Her cabined, ample spirit,
> It fluttered and failed for breath;
> To-night it doth inherit
> The vasty hall of death."

THE END.

GOOD FLOUR.—In selecting flour first look to the color. If it is white with a yellowish straw-color tint, buy it. Next examine its adhesiveness. Wet and knead a little of it between your fingers; if it works soft and sticky, it is poor. Then throw a little lump of dried flour against a smooth surface; if it falls like dried powder, it is bad. Lastly, squeeze some of the flour tightly in your hands if it retains the shape given by the pressure that, too, is a bad sign. It is safe to buy flour that will stand all these tests. These modes are given by all old flour dealers, and they pertain to a matter that concerns everybody.

RECEPTION DRESS AND BRIDAL TOILET.

Fig. 1.—A handsome reception toilet representing the "Orinda" basque and "Vestigia" skirt in combination. The materials used are ruby velvet and satin Rhadames, and the garniture passementerie in a leaf composed of the iridescent beads in which ruby beads predominate, making it in perfect harmony with the materials. The basque is made of the velvet, ornamented in front with a vest-plastron of cream-colored Mechlin lace, confined at the throat and waist-line by bows of pale blue velvet ribbon, and trimming lace to match is carried over the hips and terminates at the sides of the full postillon at the back. A dog-collar of pierced gold is worn outside the velvet collar, and a full frill of Mechlin lace finishes the neck. The sleeves are trimmed to match. The front and back of the skirt are made of velvet, the extra width in the back giving a graceful fullness. The sides of the skirt are composed of plaited panels of Rhadames on which the trimming is very effective. The drapery is of the Rhadames caught up high in front with a bow of blue velvet ribbon and forming paniers at the sides, and the back is moderately long and very stylishly draped. The bonnet is of Mechlin lace made up over ruby velvet, and has a full frill of the lace forming the brim and describing a decided point in front. The trimming consists of pale pink roses and a blue aigrette. Long, tan-colored kid gloves complete the toilet. Both the basque and skirt are illustrated separately elsewhere and estimates given of the quantity of material required for each Price of skirt pattern, thirty cents. Basque patterns, twenty-five cents each.

Fig. 2.—The "Euphrasia" toilet here shown clearly illustrates the prevailing fashion for bridal dresses, and is represented made in a combination of cream-white satin, embossed velvet and Portugese point lace. The basque and train of the toilet are made of satin. The panels and vest are of brocaded velvet having large rose designs in cut and uncut velvet strown on a satin ground. The vest is outlined with Portugese trimming lace arranged *en jabot*, and delicate festoons of orange blossoms are arranged across it; the lace is carried flatly around the bottom of the basque. The sleeves are ornamented with the same lace. A narrow puff of satin, shirred at its upper edge, is carried entirely around the bottom of the skirt, and the back breadths are looped effectively. The tulle veil is unhemmed, and arranged with a half wreath of orange blossoms, and falls gracefully to the lower edge of the skirt, leaving the face and hands free. This design is suitable for to be used for the most ceremonious occasions, and when combinations of harmonious tints are selected, a toilet sufficiently handsome to please the most exacting taste will be the result. The double illustration is given among the separate fashions. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

DARIA POLONAISE.

Although characterized by simplicity, this design is very dressy and stylish. It is tight-fitting, with two darts in each front, one in the usual place and the other under the arm, side forms rounding to the armholes, and a seam down the middle of the back. The fronts fall in points at the sides, and the upper edge of the back is laid in a wide plait in the centre, and attached to the body portion just below the waist line, while the front edges of the same piece are looped high, giving the effect of a graceful bow. Soutache braid is placed on the front in vest shape, and the cuffs are also ornamented with braid. The model is adapted to all classes of dress goods, and may be trimmed in any way that taste may suggest. The size for fourteen years will require six yards and one-eighth of goods twenty-four inches wide, and six yards of braid to trim as illustrated. Patterns in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.

The designs and illustrations of this department are from the celebrated house of Mme. Demorest, the acknowledged representative of Fashions in Europe and America. This house has always received the first premium at all the Expositions, and is the recipient of the only award over all competitors for patterns of Fashions, at the Centennial and Paris, London and New York.

Mr. Matthew Arnold will soon resign his position as Inspector of Schools, in order to make an extended tour in this country.

First citizen—"Is it true about the sudden death of young Snooks?" Second citizen—"Yes." First citizen—"Too much liquor, was'nt it?" Second citizen—"No; too much water." First citizen—"How so?" Second citizen—"He drowned himself while intoxicated."

Mr. Andrew Lang writes that when a boy somebody gave him a copy of Edgar A. Poe's lurid tales, which greatly frightened him. "Every night I expected to wake up in my coffin, having been prematurely buried; or to hear sighs in the area, followed by light, unsteady footsteps on the stairs, and then to see a lady all in a white shroud, stained with blood and clay, stagger into my room. I had as bad a time of it in the night watches as any happy British child has survived."

Professor Tyndall claims to be a descendant of Tyndale the translator of the Bible, and to have a yearly income of only $6,000. Six years after he left school he was a civil engineer's assistant at a salary of five dollars a week. "I have often wondered since," he says, "at the amount of genuine happiness which a young fellow of regular habits, not caring for pipe or mug, may extract from pay like that." Subsequently when studying at Marburg, Germany, he "worked without weariness sixteen hours a day."

There are no old ladies' bonnets this winter.

Persian lamb or Astrakhan is the coming fur.

Fichus of lace in various shapes are much worn.

Appropriate boot-gear.—For soldiers, Wellington and Blucher boots; for hen-pecked husbands, house slippers; for rash ers, dress boots; for topers, tight boots for cattle dealers, calf boots; for upholsterers, carpet slippers.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley, the eminent African explorer, is one of the most important of the technical advisers before the Congo Conference at Berlin. Probably no man possesses so thorough a knowledge of the Congo and of the vast territory through which it flows as the author of *Through the Dark Continent*, published by Harper & Brothers, in which Mr. Stanley narrates the adventures that attended his exploration of that mighty river.

Never, young man, marry a girl who insits on opening the car window on a cold day. She not only lacks judgement in the matter of caring for her own health but has no consideration for others.

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

In one of the windows of a N. N. uptown dry goods store a very gorgeous cloak is exhibited. It is of gold and cardinal and cream brocade, with swan's-down trimming, and quilted, pale gold satin lining. It is such a departure from all the received canons touching orthodox cloaks, so rich in color and striking in effect, that it at once attracted attention and served as the basis for a universal announcement of the new departure in cloaks, and the employment of magnificent gold brocades instead of the plain black cloth, silk, velvet, and plush, which have heretofore done duty for those who could not afford sealskin. But the gold brocaded cloak hangs in the window still, and there is only one of it; while the crowds of women on the thoroughfares and elsewhere still pursue their way in the selfsame dark, plain cloaks of cloth and silk, and plush and velvet—very few of the latter, for plush has taken its place.

It is strange there is so little recognition of the real and growing permanency of the essential facts in the dress of women, and the necessity which is felt that novel ideas have some basis in what is true and useful to be widely circulated. Women themselves, more and more generally, begin to see and act upon this principle; and it is so vital to healthful progress that it is of the greatest importance that it should receive recognition and encouragement. Usefulness is the great law of life, and the eternal succession of useful little elements, changes, departures, fancies, and ignorant and unauthorised dictatorship, have burdened and muddled the whole question almost beyond the hope of extrication. But there is a divinity doubtless, that steps in occasionally and guides our destinies, even in regard to dress; and it is no mythical or capricious goddess, but one whose laws are immutable and eternal. This divinity, whose decrees we are really obliged to accept whether we will or no, works partly through modern machinery, whose costly parts and conditions cannot be changed except for good and sufficient reasons. The weekly, monthly, quarterly, or even yearly disturbances in fashion, must therefore be limited to difference in design largely, and the original ideas of handworkers which have always a value in proportion to their merit and afford fields of remunerative effort to both men and women. Whatever is made by machinery must be made for the million, or it would not pay for the cost of the force that produces it. It is not limited production that pays the profit to the world's workers, but that which addresses itself to the greatest number; just as it is the "third class" which is said to pay the dividends on English railways. But machinery is a very fixed fact, it cannot change its methods, its productions must be repeated, and repeated, until the machine is worn out. Yet so marvelous is the work done by these steel and iron fingers that the most fastidious cannot afford to disregard it, and so it is accepted, like the air and the sunshine.

It is rather curious that it is to this generation we owe much that now renders dress easy, healthful, and economical. It was Queen Victoria that gave us thick walking boots in place of "paper soled" slippers, and low shoes, and the "Balmoral" skirt, which paved the way for the walking dress which has stood all the shocks and assaults of the past twenty-five years, and is now impregnable. We hesitate to mention that in which we were the pioneers, but there is nothing that has exercised so wide, so formative, so moralizing an influence upon popular dress as the modern paper pattern. Can any of us realize a time when they did not exist? Is it not to these is due the fact that the American girl, the American woman everywhere, is the neatest and most tastefully dressed of her sex, from Maine to California, and from the South Sea coast to the wilds of the Rocky Mountains. It is not too much to claim the paper pattern as a great civilizer, as a great industrial and economic agent. With a paper pattern, and few yards of home-made cotton or wool, no woman need be ill-dressed—nor is she.

Almost the only advantage which the rich woman has over the poor woman nowadays, is the power to have made by hand what is ordinarily made by machine, and thus adapt it, if she has a sufficiently cultivated taste, to her own personality; but the poor woman can easily do for herself, if she is trained and skilled, what the rich woman must pay some one to do for her. Industry is the key that unlocks the world, and women are beginning to find it out—even wealth cannot so certainly enter its inner portals, or discover its hidden treasures, as the successful worker.

It is to this new gospel of use—this trained industry—that the dress of American women is adapting itself. It has had to work itself out of the old, awkward, clumsy, ill-fitting, and monotonous dress of the working poor, and the capricious, luxurious, fantastic, and ever-varying attire of the rich. It must be graceful yet economical; it must satisfy taste yet afford freedom; it must be diversified yet permanent—no interfering with the requirements of the worker, yet disguising nothing of the lady beneath. Is it too much to say that these ends have been measurably achieved?—that the best dress of to-day—light, warm, pliant, sanitary—with its even surfaces over the body—its few parts, its pure materials, its artistic outlines and soft tints, is superior to any that has existed heretofore, and shows a most hopefully progressive, not backward, tendency.

The workers among women are now no longer confined to the poor. The women's Exchanges throughout the country, all of recent origin, have developed the unexampled need among women supposed to be well off, for active work, and that which paid work brings, and quickly gather a list of many thousands of consigners, all of whom are workers at home—many of them women know in society—but all of them compelled, and generally glad to adapt their dress to the new purposes of their lives. The Woman's Exchange in New Orleans has upwards of thirty thousand ladies on its list of workers—one thousand more than the Exchange in New York, which has done so much to maintain the integrity of many suffering and despondent families. And all these Associations tell the same story. Under these it is a sin to be the mouthpiece of a few, and the most frivolous portion of womankind, when the great army of women everywhere are making such heroic efforts—when so much that they do is misunderstood—and the mere echo of commonplaces which have not even the merit of being true. Women cannot travel faster than the train of public opinion will take them; and that they have made "good time" for the past twenty-five years, no one will venture to deny, and their dress has certainly kept pace with their advance in other directions—the revival of low necks by twenty five or thirty women out of a million, notwithstanding.

THE BABY, YOUR BABY ANY ONE'S BABY.

Mamma's darling, papa's pet. What would you take for her? When you offered her for $40 you would not have taken a farm. Then she was only a little bit of a thing and lay in the cradle and slept all day and used only once in a while to look up at you with wondering eyes. After a while longer she began to talk baby talk to you and smile at you and the little fingers would close about your big one and pull it and you felt the pressure of baby hands, your baby's hand, and you said baby was worth $50; not a cent less would buy her. The days and weeks roll on and baby begins to sit up in mamma's lap. She knows you and when you come in and say "hooty-tooty" baby's eyes sparkle and she laughs and flops her little arms up and down, and you take baby for a romp about the room and she likes it and begins to seem to know something. She crows when she sees herself in the looking glass. She reaches for this and that. She pulls your nose and sticks her finger in your eyes, but baby is queer. You are apt to kiss her. You tell mamma that you think baby is worth $75, and at the same time you would die for her at that very minute. How willingly you pay for baby's picture in short clothes and for all the little things she may need. And if she gets sick away goes your appetite, away goes your rest. You think of nothing but the little sufferer. How gladly you would take her place. You would give all you have to see her well again. We are talking of your baby now, you know. She is to you the poor, sweet innocent little thing. Papa's pet, papa's life. A little later and she sits on the floor at the door and when she sees you coming commences to crow and stretch her little hands for you, and you see the light of recognition in her eyes. She clings to you. She trust you. Baby is worth $100—to anybody—and a campaign fund would not get her from you. No, you wouldn't take all the world for her. But may be yours is a boy. No difference, the price is the same. God bless all the babies of the land.

Fifty years ago Meissonier's pictures fetched from five to eight dollars apiece, and while making them he was so poor that his luncheon consisted of a raw apple, and his dinner of soup, bread and fried potatoes, his total living expenses for six months being ten dollars.

Some time ago General Di Cesnola presented a cast of an original Babylonian cylinder to Mr. J. F. X. O'Conor, an American pupil of Professor Haupt. The cylinder contained an inscription in Assyrian cuneiform letters, which Mr. O'Conor has translated, and which refers to N...chadnezzar a... the magnificent buildi... Babylo...

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THE RIGHT SORT OF WIFE.

An exchange gives expression to the following sensible words: "It is astonishing to see how well a man can live on a small income, who has a handy, industrious wife. Some men live and make a far better appearance on six or eight dollars a week than others do on fifteen or eighteen. The man does his part well, but his wife is good for nothing. She will even upbraid her husband for not living in as good style as her neighbor, while the fault is entirely her own. His neighbor has a neat, capable and industrious wife, and that makes the difference. So look out, young man, before you go into matrimony; for it is a lottery in which most men can have but one ticket, and if it turns out a blank, your whole life had better be a blank, too. Luckily, no one need go into the wedded state with his eyes closed, as is the case with lotteries; and we judge all who are sensible enough to use their optics may draw a prize."

Although the newspapers have announced that Madame Patti has bought a handsome billiard table and sent it to her castle in Wales, it is not she who plays the game: but Nicolini.

Sir William Thomson, of the University of Edinburgh, is one of the directors of the railroad at the Giant's Causeway, where electricity is successfully used as a motive power. At Mr. Cyrus W. Field's request, he recently made an examination of the New York elevated roads, and reported that the same motive power could be a...ied to them with a great saving in the ... or running. The experiment will soo... ...ad.

Our Bible Competitions.

List of Winners in Ladies' Journal Competition No. 8.

Closed November 2ad.

Following is the list of successful competitors for the Middle Awards in above competition. The questions and answers having already appeared, need not be repeated. The list of winners in the Consolation Awards will appear in our next:

THE MIDDLE AWARDS.

1.—Three hundred dollars in gold coin. 1, Mary A. Bartell, Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa. 2, 3 and 4.—Three fine toned cabinet organs. 2, Geo. R. Sartoris; Main St., Rochester, N.Y.; 3, Martha Golde, Hamilton, Ont.; 4, L. A. McKinnon; St. James St., Montreal, Que. 5 to 10.—Six quadruple plate tea services. 5, G. S. Dixon, Montreal P.O., Que.; 6, Fanny Dayfort, Care Litey & Co., Pittsburg, Pa.; 7, Jessie Dean, State St., Chicago, Ill.; 8, Mamie Bell, Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; 9, Mary Coleman; Woodward Ave, Detroit, Mich.; 10, F. D. Dartmore, Windsor, Ont. 11 to 16. Six ladies' gold hunting-case watches. 11, M. Duncan, Toronto P.O.; 12, F. Fisher, Winnipeg, Man.; 13, G. L. Page, Drayton, P.O., Ont.; 14, F. Tomson, Port Hope P.O., Ont.; 15, L. A. Arthur, Cobourg, Ont; 16, F. C. Dover, Baden, Ont. 17 to 29.—Thirteen black silk dress patterns. 17, L. N. Addington, The Spences, Guys Point, N.S.; 18, D. M. Lister, Saginaw, Mich.; 19, Lizzie Waters, Saginaw, Mich; 20, Frank Waters, Saginaw, Mich; 21, J. M. Drayton, Carlton, Ont.; 22, Mrs. A. M. Jackson, Guelph, Ont.; 23, Albert May, 400 Gerrard E., Toronto; 24, M. Davies, Hamilton, Ont.; 25, R. Davies, Hamilton, Ont.; 26, L. Thomas, Toronto P.O.; 27, M. Dainon, York; 28, Fannie Misner, Simcoe; 29 Frank Hughes, Brantford. 30 to 50 Twenty one coin silver, hunting-case watches 30, S. J. Willcock, 129 Brock St., Toronto; 31, L. M. Passmore, 379 Carlton St., Toronto; 32, L. Taylor, Brantford; 33, M. Davis, Brantford; 34, J. C. White, St. Thomas; 35, Mary A. King, Syracuse, N.Y.; 35, L. Shaw, St. Thomas; 37, Mrs. W. Ovendale, Brantford, Ont.; 38, John Walden, Brockton; 39, M. Turner, St. Catherines; 40, L. D. White, St. Catherines; 41, Mary White, St. Catherines; 42, Laura Ware, Ogdensburg; 43, Bessie Scott, Peterborough; 44, F. A. Clarke, Cleveland, Ohio; 45 T. M. Simcoe, Cleveland, Ohio; 46, L. C. Gamp, Buffalo, N.Y.; 47, Annis Saulter, Buffalo, N.Y.; 48, Richard R. Clarke, 10 St., James Ave., City; 49, Mrs. D. Creighton, Port Huron; 50, Mrs. Turner, Thorold.—51 to 90.—Forty five black cashmere dress patterns.—51, W. E. Thornton, 58 Seaton St., Toronto; 52 Alice Plummer, Brantford; 53, M Samuel, Brantford; 54, A. George, Brantford; 55, F. L. Listowel, St. Catherines; 56, James A. Gurney, St. Catherines; 57, Fanny Walters, London, Ont.; 58, Jennie Walters, London, Ont.; 59, Mrs Crichton, 588½ Yonge St., Toronto; 60 Mrs. A. Stephens Winnipeg, Man; 61, L. C. Stephens, Winnipeg, Man.; 62, Mrs. W. White, Kingston: 63, Mrs. M. D. Dunston, Quebec City, Que.; 64, Emma Bell, 100 Market St., Hamilton; 65, Carrie Beaumes, Glencoe, Ont.; 66, Ida Yates, Hatchley Sta., Ont.; 67, Emma Barnes, Halifax, N.S.; 68, Alice Barnes, Halifax, N.S.; 69, Louise J. Bull, Carlton West, Ont.; 70, Maud Bates, Rochester, N.Y.; 71, F. M. Bates, Rochester, N.Y.; 72, Geo. E. Thomson, "Express," Oshawa; 73, T. A. Pullman, Chicago, Ill.; 74, W. H. Gallagher, Tellkumuah, Manitoulin Island; 75, Mary Cranston, Tellkumuah, Manitoulin Island; 76, Helen R. Ra[illegible] Shelburne Falls, Man.; 77, J. S. Shelburne Falls, Man.; 78, F. Flock, Syracuse, N.Y.; 79, M. Marsden, Syracuse, N.Y.; 80, L. Marsden, Syracuse, N.Y.; 81, F. Maraden, Syracus, N.Y.; 82, L. C. Dixon, 17th St. and Broadway, New York City; 83, Marie Dixon, 17th St. and Broadway, New York City; 84 M Moran, City Hall, Brooklyn, N.Y.; 85, D. A. Dalley, Fall River, Mass; 86, L. A. Dalley, Fall River, Mass; 87, M. Dalton, New Haven, Conn., 88, C. C. Tassie, New Haven, Conn.: 89, A. M Logan, Binghampton, Pa.; 90, J. R. Riddell, Portland, Maine; 91 to 176.—Eighty-six fine rolled gold brooches.—91, Mrs. W. B. Summers, Stonefield; 92, Elvira Speed, Pontiac, Mich.; 93, Emma Ray, Arthur, Mo; 94, Mrs. C. Phelan; 221 St. Catherine St., Montreal; 95, John Hartly, Auburn Mills; 96, Lena Sharpe, Newmarket; 97, Abraham Saunders, Watford; 98 Hugh Maconnell, Watford; 99, Mary E Awde, Stonefield, P. Q; 100, Annie Coburn, Paris; 102, Mrs. Robt. Leigh, Easton; 103, Mariam Adams, 143 Kingston Road, Toronto; 104, Mary Haynes, 110, Strachan Ave., Toronto; 105, Miss Mary Gibson, Picton; 106, Wm. Mitchell, Salem: 107, Jennie Edmondstone, Thorold; 108, Mrs. J. M. McDonald; 109, B. Marten, Leamington; 110, Mrs. J. E. Hampton, 71 Victoria Ave, Hamilton; 111, Jane Scott, Longwood, Ont.; 112. Mrs. R J Scott, Box 9[illegible] Winnipeg, Man.; 113, Miss R. A Mc Colbrook, Con.; 114, Mrs. J. Meek, Port Arthur; 115, Mrs. W. Brooks, Simcoe; 116, Mrs. G. Roser, Box 200, Newmarket; 117, Mrs. W. H. Andrews, Pt. Robinson, Ont; 118, Mrs. R. Hoyle, Dundas; 119. J. Richard, Welland; 120, Mrs. J. Armstrong, Pt. Finlay, Algoma; 121, Mrs. A. Mitchell, Powassaw P. O., Muskoka; 122, F. B. Beddome, London, Ont.; 123, Maggie Bee, 327 Church St., Toronto; 124, F. W. Nixon, Dunkalk; 125, Ada Nayler, Stirling; 126, D. W. Anderson, Douglastown; 127, Miss A. Smith, Maplegrove Farm, Fallowfield; 128 Geo. Prescott, Cobourg; 129, Mrs. E J. Rundle, Cobourg; 130, Mary Hilborn, Pine Station, Clinton Co., Pa.; 131, W. S. Randall, Arispie, Pottawamie Co., Kan.; 132, Clara R. Greiner, Fair Haven, Alleghany Co., Pa; 133, Mary Anne Steel, Vinal Haven, Knox Co., Me; 134, Ida. R. Parker, Woodstock; 135, Mrs J. Milburn, Lindsay; 136, Florence E Jacobs, Lunenburg, N. S.; 137, Victor H Bigz, Bloomfield; 138, W. McLean, Box 222, Oshawa, Ont; 139, Mrs L. W. Hoyt, North Sydney, C. B.; 140, Miss I. Shirkie, Grenfell, N. W. T.; 141, Mrs. R. W. Norton, Charlottetown, P.E I 142, Mrs. A. Fry, Westford, Wisconsin; 143, Ella Bingley, Napanee, Ontario; 144, B. C. Lynne, Melbourne, Que; 145, Robert Ritchie, Gelert, Ontario; 146, L. J. Slack, Petrolia; 147, John Rathwell, Varna; 148, Mrs. Thos Martin, Orangeville; 149, Emily Isaell, 10 Phoebe st., Toronto; 150, A. L. Geikie. 324 Jarvis st., Toronto; 151, Rich. L Kennedy, Brandon; 152, Katie M. Story, Prairie Burg, Vt; 153, Mrs. M. T. LeHeup, 24 Elm st., Kingston; 154 Mrs. Alex Armor, Brampton; 155, Alf. Sterling, 492 King st E., Toronto; 156, Mrs. Hattie Goodfellow, Guelph; 157, Mrs. J. R. Brown, Angus; 158, Mrs A. E. Welch, Oshawa; 159(Mrs. J. Donnelly, Mallorytown; 160, Mrs. E. Whitehall, 49 Walton st., Toronto; 161, Marie W. Spring, New Hamburg; 162, Henry McNab, Galt, Ont.; 163, Minnie M. Patterson, Carlton Place; 164, Mrs. Wythe, Elora; 165. Alice Carter, Clinton; 166, Mrs. R. Vile, Riverside; 167, Henry G. Curtis, Unionville; 168. Mrs. Emery Mannel, Knowlesville, N. B; 169, D. R. Kenning, Brampton: 170, E. S. Spiers, 279 St. Urbain st., Montreal; 171, Jennet J[illegible]cartier, P. Q; 172, Victoria Chapman Belleville, 173, Mrs B. Swick, St. Catharines, Ont.; 1[illegible] Emma Mackenzie, B[illegible] 175, C[illegible] Robertson, Aurora; robe, 162 McCaul St., Toronto. 177 to 505.—Three hundred and twenty-nine "World's Cyclopedias." 177, Mrs. W. R. Roche, Box 337, Newmarket; 178, Mrs. D. Galbraith, Cartwright; 179, Alice Kelso, Tilsonburg; 180, Ella M. Devereux, Barton, Orleans Co., Vt.; 181, Mrs. S. B. Sills, Box 25, Prescott; 182 Miss E. S. Brown, Clinton, Clinton Co., Iowa; 183, Ella Freeman, Trafalgas, Ont.; 184, Grace Hicks, Bridgewater, Ont.; 185, Lester Cameron, Paris, Ont.; 186. J Dodge: White Oak, Iowa; 187. D. Robinson, Blantyre; 188, Kate C Nave, Wilmot, Jessamine Co., Ky 189, J. Clarke, Box 47, Pawling N. Y.; 190, W. McCabe, Goderich: 191, Miss S. A. Lamont, Aberdour, Ont; 192. S Watson Muscatine, Iowa; 193, Mary Blair, Pine River; 194, Mrs J Watson, Newry, Ont; 195. J W. McIntosh, Dresden; 196, W. Blackburn, St. Johns, P Q; 197, Miss J. T. Broadwell, New Town, Ham Co., O; 198 A Appleford, Buckhorn, Ont; 199, Mrs. M. Campbell, 379 Hill St., London; 200, Mrs. R A. Campbell, Thornbury; 201 John Purr, 93 Brock St., Toronto; 203, J. Hoyle, Richmond, P.Q.; 204, Miss Jennie Layton, Orono; 205, Charlotte E. Maple, Oakville: 206, Osmond Le Roy, St. Andrews, P Q; 207, Minnie J. Lang, Elgin, Pembina Co., Dak.; 208. Garvin Preston, Selwin, Ont.; 209 Jannie Pattison, Merriton, Ont.; 210. Chas. Tansley, Brantford, Ont; 211 Jareb F. Stewart, Sand Point, Ont.; 212, Mrs. J. Stephenson, Unionville, Ont; 213, Mark Turner, Culloden, Ont.; 214, Agnes Glebe, Southampton, Ont; 215, Maria L. M. Byrne, Stanleyville, Ont.; 216, Miss Roach care of Geo Roach, Hamilton, Ont.; 217, Idella F Merrill, Martenville, Que.; 218, Mrs Robt. Hutchinson, Moles River, N B; 219, Mary C. Rodgers, Springport, Mich; 220, Ida Oliver, St. Marys, Ont; 221 Mrs. R Fraser, Upper Hopewell, N.S 222, Wright Shaw, 58 Alder St., Fall River, Mass.; 223, J. C. Daverty, Wyman, Iowa; 224, Nora J. Brown, Caribou, Maine; 225, Melissa Vincent, Pomeroy, Man.; 226, Mrs. G. Hawkins, 166 Dufferin St., Stratford; 227, Medora Nokes, Bowmanville, Ont.; 228, L. A Barker, Bowmanville, Ont.; 229, E. F. Bright, Riverside, City; 230, Mary Jane Chapman, Scarboro; 231, Mrs. Nora Morgan, Tichburn; 232, Mrs. Wesley Secord, St. Catherines, Ont.; 233, Wm. Hewett, Riverside; 234, Mrs Anna Kirkpatrick, Palmer, Mich.; 235, Mary J Farley, Williamsford Station; 236, A. Carr, 429 King E., Toronto; 237, Jas. Sinclare, Cannington; 238, Gertie Harvie, Cobourg; 240, T. Alexander, Aultsville; 241, Sarah Percy, Almonte; 242. Frank Pethick, Bowmanville; 243, Mr J. C. Colter, Medicine Hat. N.W.T.; 244, Mrs. R. Olmstead, Collingwood; 245 Rich. Samways, Paris Station; 246, Mrs Hugh Brown, Sturgeon Bay, Ont.; 247, Chas J. L King, Shelburne; 248, Mrs. B. B. Johnston. Arthur; 249, Mary A. Butterworth, Horncastle; 250, Frances Mabel Williams, Oil Springs, Ont.; 251, Mrs. J Booth, 15 Division St., Ottawa; 252. Ellen J. Griffin., 31 Ariz Lane, Halifax, N S; 253, A. A. Lauson. Parry Sound; 254, Jennie Marshall, Glencoe. 255, Wm Dampier, Bowmanville; 256 Mrs. W H. Berry, Sussex; 257, Rev. D Mackenzie, N rth Earltown, N. S; 258 Geo. E. Piggott, Bridgetown, N S; 259, C F. Wattie, Vespra, Midhurst P. O. 260, Mrs. W. Adam, Cambridge; 261 Wm Graham, Emery, Que.; 262, Mrs Phillips, Richmond, Q; 263 Dora Marsalis, Morristown, N Y.; 264 Susie Cowan, Greene. Chenango Co., N. Y.; 265 Edward M Kay, Newport, Hants Co.; N. S.; 266, M. B. Spain, Wilmot, N S.; 267, Mrs. Byron Dustin, Gananoque; 268, Mrs. D. Wilkin, Maple Grove, London Township; 269, Mattie Sutherland, Battle Creek, Neb.; 270, Mrs. Harry Bapty, 177 Albert St., London; 271 Mrs. Ezra Coons Brandon, Man.; 272, Mrs.

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Blue black cashmeres, 34 inches wide, 20c. per yard.

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Black cashmere, all wool, 42 inches, 47½c. per yd., usual price, 60c.

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Black grosgrain silk, 21 inches wide, 65c. per yd.

Black grosgrain silk, 22 in. wide, 75c. per yard, worth $1.10.

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Extra heavy cloth shawls, two yards square, $1.75, usual price $3.

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Ladies' button overshoes, all sizes, only $1.25 per pair.

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(Continued on page 14.)

The Ladies' Journal

Devoted to Literature, Fashion, &c.

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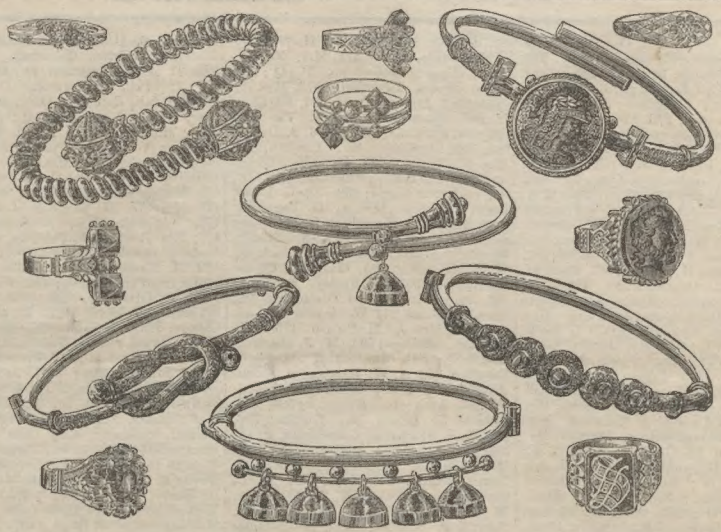

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No. 3.—A handsome ring of solid gold, a flat circlet beautifully engraved and having raised leaves at each side of the Marguise setting, which supports five small genuine diamonds and two turquises. The latter terminate the upper and lower ends of the setting, and are larger than the diamonds. Price $19.

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No. 11.—A pretty finger-ring in solid gold, suitable for a lady. The circlet is finely engraved near the setting, which consists of a large garnet surrounded by eight lovely pearls. The stones are raised high in diamond setting. Price, $12.

No. 12.—A pretty bracelet in polished "rolled" gold, fastening at the side with a clasp. On the outer side, and connected to the circlet by tiny balls, is a small wire, from which hang five balls of polished gold, which slip on the wire and tinkle with every movement of the wearer. Price, $6.50 per pair.

No. 13.—Exquisite taste is displayed in this design of "rolled" gold the circlet being a polished tubular wire opening with a hinge and a clasp. Five balls in satin-finished Roman gold are prettily ornamented with filigree, and a small crocidolite, or tiger-eye, is set in the top of each. Provision is made for guard chains by rings at the side. Price $3.50 per pair.

No. 14.—A handsome style of ring, suitable either for a lady or gentleman. It has a broad flat circlet of solid gold, widening at the shank and highly ornamented, which supports a square black onyx with an inlaid initial of gold set with real diamonds. The lady's size has four diamonds in the initial, and can be furnished for $12. The larger size, suitable for a gentleman, has six diamonds, and will cost $16.50. Any desired initial will be furnished.

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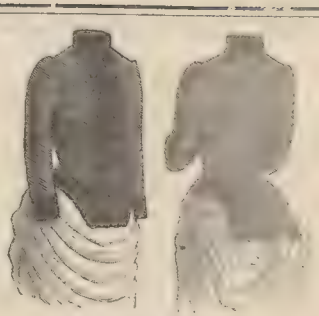
VESTIGIA SKIRT.

A plain skirt with extra fullness in the back and plaited panels at the sides, over which is an exceptionally graceful drapery, the front caught up high in the centre and the back effectively looped, is represented in this illustration. The design is adapted to all seasonable dress goods, and is especially desirable for a combination. Passementerie or any flat trimming arranged around the front drapery and on the plaits as illustrated is particularly effective, or fringe or lace can be appropriately used on the front drapery. Eight yards and one-quarter of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required for the drapery and panels, and four yards and five-eighths of contrasting material of the same width will make the skirt as illustrated. Six yards and three-eighths of passementerie will be sufficient to trim as represented. This is illustrated elsewhere in combination with the "Orinda" basque. Price of pattern, thirty cents.



SAVANTA BASQUE.

A basque of this kind is a stylish completion to any costume, whether made of light or heavy material. The fronts are square and the sides nicely curved over the hips, while the back pieces terminate in a moderately long postilion. All kinds of cloths, flannels and mixed goods can be made in this way and the design is well adapted to velvet, silk and various other textures. The trimming may be "Kursheedt's Standard" braids, bias bands, or whatever corresponds with the goods chosen, although the model will be quite attractive without any ornamentation. A medium size will require three yards and one-quarter of goods twenty-four inches wide, and three yards and three-eighths of braid to trim with one plain row as illustrated. Price of patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

AZORA COSTUME.

Although novel features are embodied in this design, it is nevertheless perfectly practical. The polonaise is fitted by the usual number of darts in each front, one being in the place usually occupied by the side-gore seam. It is looped high at the sides but the back drapery is laid in plaits at the top and secured to the side form and back pieces, falling moderately long and bouffant. The deep box plaited flounce is attached to a yoke, and braid placed between the plaits and on the front and sleeves of the polonaise, gives a dressy and stylish effect. For the size of fourteen years, nine yards and one half of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required, and seven yards of braid will be sufficient to trim as illustrated. Five-eighths of a yard of lining will be needed for the skirt yoke. Patterns in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price twenty-five cents each.

MIRRIE DRESS.

A half-fitting Gabrielle front with a full vest, and a box-plaited back attached to a square yoke constitute this design, which is simple and becoming to little girls. As it is appropriate for all the materials generally chosen for children's wear it will prove a desirable and practical model. It may be trimmed in any way to correspond with the material selected. For the size for six years, three yards of goods twenty-four inches wide will be required for the dress, and five-eighths of a yard of contrasting material will be needed for the full vest. One-quarter of a yard of velvet will make the collar and cuffs. If the dress is trimmed with gathered ruffles, as illustrated, one yard and three quarters additional will be required. Patterns in sizes for from two to six years. Price twenty cents each.

RUPERTA COSTUME.

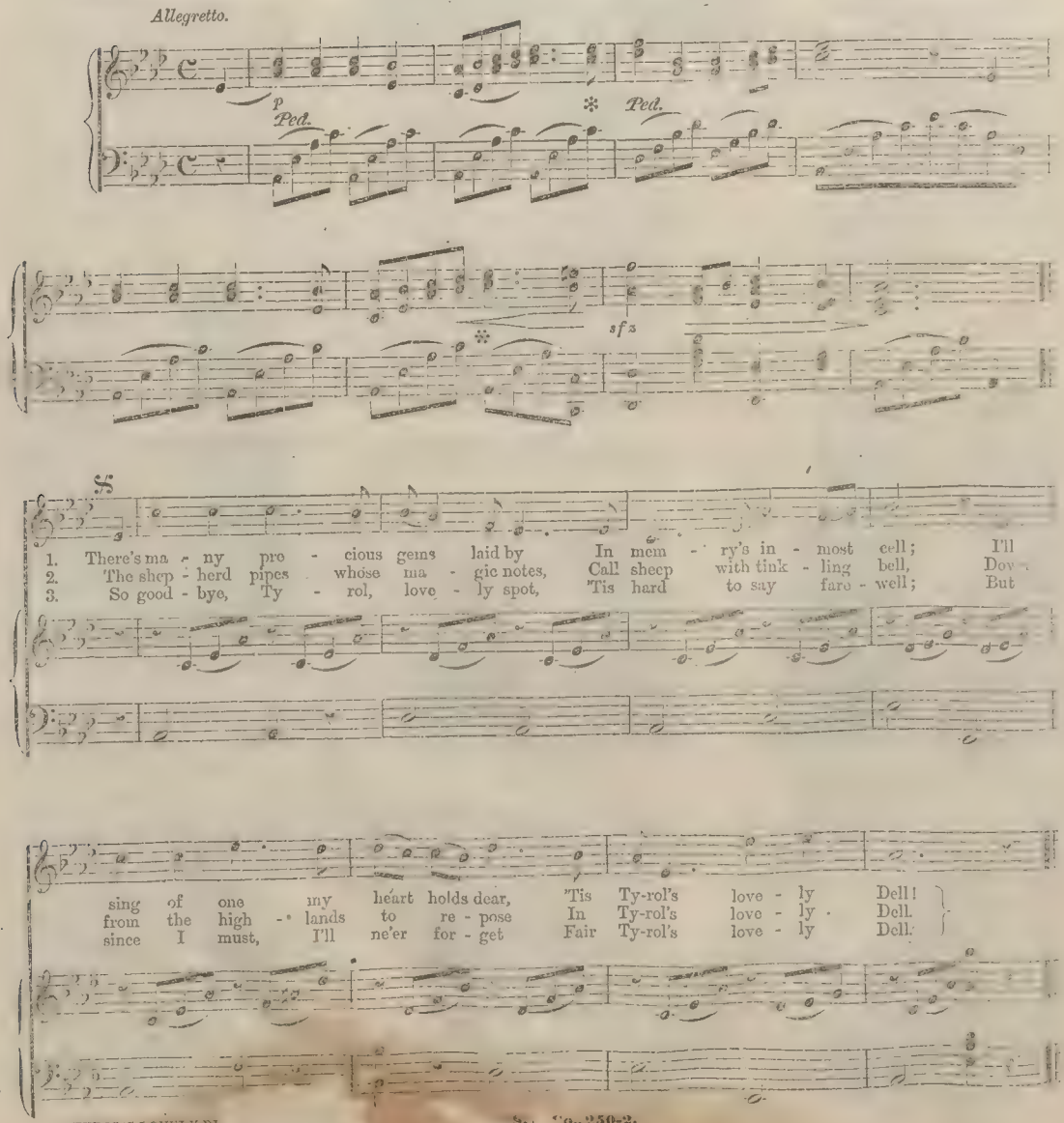
This costume is not only stylish and becoming but practical as well, and adapted to all kinds of suit goods. The jaunty, tight-fitting jacket is the same length all round and the drapery is quite long, gracefully wrinkled in front and stylishly draped at the back. The foundation skirt is trimmed with a box-plaited flounce the lower edges of which is tucked. Plain and figured material may be united in a costume of this style, though when made of plain goods throughout the result is remarkably stylish. Bands of plush, fur trimming or applications of wide and narrow braid are very effective, and the arrangement of appropriate garniture may be varied to suit the fancy. It is also an excellent design for many washable fabrics. A medium size will require eleven yards and three quarters of goods twenty-four inches wide, or five yards and one-quarter of forty-eight inches wide. Six yards and five-eighths of any flat trimming will be sufficient to arrange as illustrated. The underskirt should be of lining and will take four yards and three-quarters. Price of patterns, each size.

"Tyrol's Lovely Dell."

BALLAD.

Words and Music by HARRY HINTON.

Allegretto.



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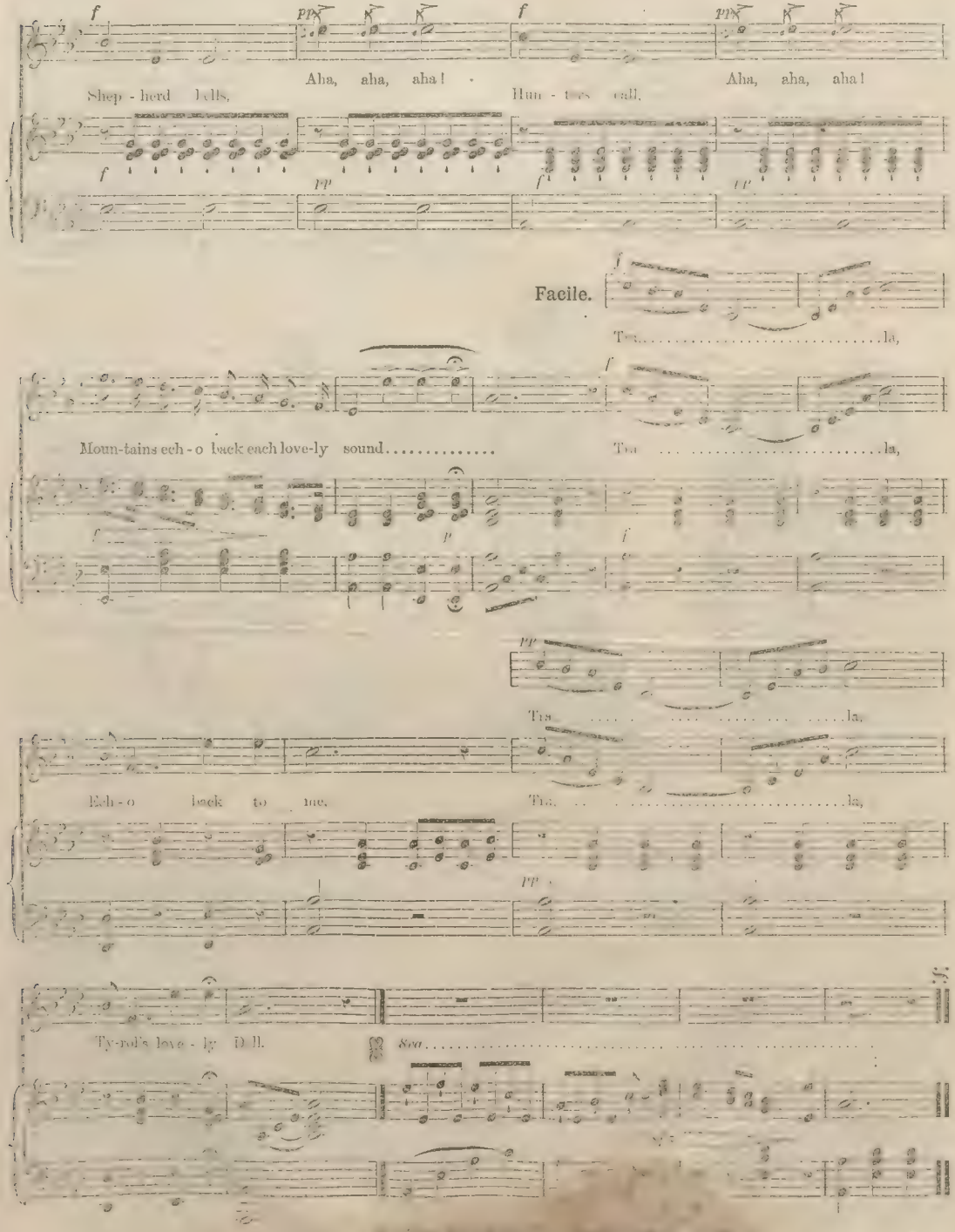
Shep - herd bells,
Aha, aha, aha!
Hun - ters call,
Aha, aha, aha!
Facile.
Tra.....la,
Moun-tains ech - o back each love-ly sound.....
Tra.....la,
Tra.....la,
Ech - o back to me.
Tra.....la,
Ty-rol's love - ly Dell.
8va

Manda P.O., Man ; 655, Miss M. J. Braman, Mooreville ; 656, Viola Ormerod-Malvern P.O ; 657, Sarah Baxter, Kildonan, Man ; 658, Florence L Martin, Dale, Stanbridge Ridge, P.Q.; 659, Mrs. R. T. Barmable, Evergreen, Colorado ; 660, Mrs. G. Hicks, Grant City, S.c. Co. Iowa ; 661, J. A. Finlay, Greenville, Greenville Co., S.C.; 662, Miss F. M. Gun, Greenville, Greenville Co., S.C.; 663, Lizzie D. La Haye, Pt. Moutoon, N S ; 664, Mrs. M. English, Riversdale, N.S.; 665, Donalletta Graham, Seaforth ; 666, Louisa M. Engstiom, 296 Ontario St., Toronto ; 667, Isaac McNaughton, Hopewell, N.S.; 668, Sophronia Cook, Severn Bridge, P O ; 669. J. E. Collins, 1 Victoria St , Toronto ; 670, J. Lee, 73 Wilton Avenue, Toronto ; 671, Mrs. Geo. A. Burns, 97, Yorkville, Avenue, Toronto ; 672, C. Chipman New Glasgow, N. S.; 673, E. Jean, Sanderson, Prince-port, N.S ; 674, Geo. Crumb, Port Jarvis, Pa.; 675. J. Hayes, Ripon, Dak.; 676, Mary Cowan, Kansas City, Mo.; 677, Jennie Cowan, Kansas City, Mo.; 678, Mrs. Jno. Cameron, Minnedosa, Man.; 679, M. Ferguson, Salt Lake City, Utah ; 680, J. Myers, Salt Lake City, Utah ; 681, L. Gordon, Hamilton, Ont.; 682, Mary Murdison, Oakwood, O. ; 683, J. Stephenson, Clayton, Ont.; 684, Miss Chas Brown, Norwich, Ont.; 685, J. Aikins, Newark, New Jersey; 686, L. Martin, Newark, New Jersey ; 687, Wm. Trew, Stetterten ; 688, Mrs E. D. B. France, Middleton, N. Y.; 689, Emma Crowell, Hennlet Ky.; 690, Renel Bellus, Fairfax, Vt.; 691, Rosamond Saunders, Norwalk, O.; 692, Emily F. Lodge, French Village, P. Q ; 693, John McKay, Cambellton, P. E. I.; 694, Mrs. James Shaw, Brackley Point, P. E. I.; 695, W. M. Davieson, Milton; 696, Mrs. S. J. Chintie, 342 Parliament St., Toronto ; 697, Bessie E. Scott, Andover, N. B.; 698, Azala A. Elliott, Wroxeter, 699, Mrs. W. Arnott, 25 Price St., Toronto; 700, Nicholas Richards, 248 Queen E., Toronto ; 701, Mrs. N. Richards, 248 Queen E., Toronto ; 702, Bennie E. Parker, 703, Ed. Tyrell, Bristol. Carleton Co., N. B.; 704, Mrs. N. Hoyt, Mill Settlement, N. B.; 705, J. D. Cooper, Quebec, Que.; 706, L. Medcalfe, Quebec, Que.; 707, J. Marvin, Montreal, P. O. Quebec ; 708, Lucy Martins, Halifax. N. B.; 709, Jane Logan, Moncton, N. B.

The printers' toast.—"The press!" It. ex-presses truth, re-presses errors, impresses knowledge, and op-presses none.

Edmund Yates on Charles Dickens: "In regard to the friendship which Dickens vouchsafed me, I have been frequantly asked, 'Did he come up to the expectations you had formed of him? was Dickens, the man, as lovable as Dickens, the author?' and I have always replied, 'Yes, wholly.' All the kindness of heart, geniality, generosity, appreciation of what-ever could be appreciated in others, manly independence, hatred of humbug, all the leading qualities of his books, were component parts of his nature."

Probably the very best paper of its class published in America, if not in the world, is *Youth's Companion*, a beautifully printed, well-illustrated and capitally edited weekly journal, published by Perry, Mason & Co., Boston. Some of the best writers are among its regular contributors, and nearly every department of literature gets its fair share of attention. With us the *Companion* has been considered a model young people's paper for years, and it has always been a welcome visitor. The articles, though written for the instruction and amusement of the young people are usually of interest to "children of all ages." These words may seem like mere flattering ones, but they are the honest feelings of the writer after years of companionship with the *Companion*. Price $1.75 per year.

FANCY COSTUMES.

No. 1.—RUSSIAN PEASANT DRESS.—Short skirt of dark red woollen stuff, trimmed with green and yellow bands. Apron made of Russian lace and insertion with bands of green and yellow ribbon, the green embroidered with red. Chemisette or blouse of white nainsook, worn under a red velvet waist embroidered with gold. Red velvet belt embroidered with gold from the right side of which depends a long sash of green ribbon, finished at the ends with Russian lace to match the apron. Pelisse of smoke colored satin, braided with gold and lined with rabbit fur. Hat of red velvet embroidered with gold, from the top of which depend two long ribbon streamers. Gold necklace and cross.

No. 2.—ORIENTAL COSTUME.—Short skirt of cream-colored cashmere, embroidered with gold color and edged with gold-colored fringe. Trousers of Turkish muslin, embroidered with gold and finished at the feet with fringe. Gold-embroidered yellow stockings with white satin slippers. Pointed basque of yellow satin, embroidered with red and pearls, and edged with yellow fringe. Jacket of red velvet, embroidered with gold and bordered with a fringe of sequins. Long pointed sleeves of the same material as the trousers. Round cap of red velvet, bordered with sequins. Veil of gold-embroidered Turkish muslin. Necklace of sequins. Round feather fan.

No. 3.—NOBLE FRENCH LADY OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.—Petticoat of gold brocade. Trained skirt of light blue silk with gold-colored embroidery around the edge. This is looped at the right side by being drawn through the belt. The round waist is of the blue silk, with stomacher of the gold brocade, and revers cuffs and belt of black velvet, the latter fastened with a gold buckle. Close cap or coif of white batiste entirely covering the hair. High sugar-loaf hat of gold brocade, the brim pointed in front, lined with blue silk, and having a handsome gold ornament near the point. The brim at the sides and back is covered with a sort of cape of black velvet, lined with blue silk, which falls upon the shoulders. From the top of the crown depends a long veil of white net or mull. Gold necklace with cross.

No. 4.—COSTUME OF A FRENCH LADY OF THE YEAR 1791.—Full petticoat of white woolen, trimmed with rows of pink satin ribbon. Full train of pink and white striped soft wool goods. Round waist of the same goods laced in front with blue ribbon over a plain white chemisette. The neck and sleeves are finished with full frills of lace, and a fichu of white mull or nainsook is put under the lower row of lace around the neck, tied in a knot in front and carried to the back, where it forms a large sash bow with ends edged with lace. Hair combed back over a cushion, falling in a heavy curl at each side, and ornamented with a band of blue ribbon and clusters of pink ribbon and clusters of pink flowers at the left.

No. 5.—MOONLIGHT.—Short skirt of gray-blue satin, trimmed on the bottom with a row of pale blue chenille fringe. Overskirt of dark blue velvet, having a draped apron trimmed with two rows of light blue chenille fringe, and falling in the back in deep plaits to the top of the fringe on the underskirt. Pointed basque of velvet, low in the neck and with short sleeves or epaulets of gray tulle, the one at the left fastened with a silver half-moon. At the left of the skirt is a panel of gray blue satin on which are painted or appliqued various symbolic designs—an owl on a branch, a bat and stars. The coiffure is dressed high, and a veil of gray tulle sprikled with silver stars, is attached to it by a Rhine-stone crescent and an owl's head. Gray silk stockings and black kid slippers ornamented with Rhine-stone crescents.

No. 6.—FLORENTINE PAGE.—A pretty costume for a fair-haired lad. Doublet of black velvet finished at the bottom with a falling puff of striped black and red silk, and having close-fitting sleeves completed at the wrist with puffs of white nainsook. At the shoulders are pointed epaulets of velvet, from underneath which fall long sleeves of buff-colored silk cut in leaf-points at the edge. Belt of buff leather, fastened with a buckle and sustaining a silver dagger ; broad white nainsook collar, and gold necklace and pendant. Silk trunks and hose, the left limb striped red and black and the right gold color. Pointed shoes of buff leather. Skull cap of gold-colored satin, bordered with red. Mandolin ornamented with red ribbon.

$20,000.00.

Our Great Bible Competition No. 9.

During the year ending with September last, we have given a very large and valuable lot of rewards to our subscribers, aggregating an immense amount of money. We are sure that the Pianos, Organs, Gold and Silver Watches, Silver Tea Sets, Books, etc., etc., have given great satisfaction. A good deal of excitement has been caused by the advent of some of these costly prizes into the towns and villages of Canada and the United States. They have been sent to all parts almost, of the two countries, quite a number even going to England, and other distant places. Full lists of the winners are always published in the LADIES' JOURNAL immediately at the close of each competition, names of winners are given in full, together with the street and number, where possible, so inquiry can readily be made by those who are doubtful. There can be, therefore, *no fraud.*

To the fifteen hundred persons who correctly answer the following Bible questions will be given, without extra charge except for freight and packing of goods, beyond the regular half dollar yearly subscription, the beautiful and costly rewards named below. Here are the Bible questions that require to be answered :—

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Where are HORSES first mentioned in the Bible?
2. Where are CATTLE first mentioned in the Bible

They are not very difficult, but require a little study to look them up. So don't delay ; the sooner you answer them the better. Here are the list of first rewards. Number one in this list will be given to the sender of *the first correct answer* to those two Bible questions. Number two to the sender of *second correct* answer, and so on till all this series of first rewards are given out.

THE FIRST REWARDS.

1. Six Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin.....	$ 600
2. One Grand Square Piano, by a celebrated Maker.....	600
3 and 4.—Two Grand Square Pianos.....	1,200
5 and 6.—Two Fine Toned, 10 stop Cabinet Organs by a celebrated firm.....	500
7, 8 and 9.—Two Fine Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Services—six pieces, and One Five O'clock Tea Service.....	300
10 to 15.—Six Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem-winding and Stem-setting genuine Elgin Watches.....	600
to 20.—Five Ladies' Solid Gold stem-winding and stem-setting Genuine Elgin Watches.....	450
o 30. Ten renowned Williams Singer Sewing Machines.....	600
o 40.—Ten Gentlemen's Solid Hunting-case or Open-faced, Co n silver Watches.....	300
to 50.—Ten Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Cake Baskets, el gant des gns.	200
t 100.—Fifty Dozen Sets of Heavy Silver Plated Tea Spoons.....	400
310.—One Hundred and Thirty Elegantly Bound Volumes of Tennyson's Poems.....	300
to 500.—One Hundred and Ninety well-bound volumes of World's Cyclopedia, a library in itself.....	570

Then follows a series of *middle rewards*, which will be given in this way : At the close of the competition all the answers received will be counted by three disinterested persons, when to the sender of the middle correct answer (of the whole list) will be given number one of these *middle rewards.* To the next correct answer following the middle one will be given number two, the next correct one number three, and so on till all these middle rewards as enumerated below are given away. Here is the list of

MIDDLE REWARDS.

Seven hundred and fifty dollars in gold coin.....	$ 750
and 4. Three magnificent Grand Square Pianos, by a celebrated maker.....	1,650
and 7. Three Fine-toned Cabinet Organs, by a ated maker.....	750
8, 9, 10 and 11. Four Ladies' Solid Gold stem winding and stem setting Watches.....	400
12 to 17. Six elegant quadruple plate Hot Water or Tea Urns.....	300
18 to 31. Thirteen Elegant, Heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns.....	520
31 to 50 Twenty Elegant Black Cashmere Dress Patterns.....	240
51 to 60. Ten Pairs Fine Lace Curtains.....	100
61 to 93. Thirty Quadruple Plate Cruet Stands.....	300
91 to 237. One hundred and Sixty-seven Elegant Rolled Gold Brooches.....	500
238 to 604. Three Hundred and Forty-three beautifully bound volumes, Shakespeare's poems.....	1,029

After these follow the Consolation Rewards, when, to the sender of the very last *correct answer* received *in this competition* will be given *number one* of these Consolation Rewards named below. To the next to the last correct one will be given number two, and so on till all these are given away.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

1.—Five Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin...	$ 500
2, 3 and 4.—Three Fine Grand Square Pianos.....	1,500
5, 6 and 7.—Three elegant Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker.....	750
8 to 10.—Three Fine Quadruple Plate Tea Services.....	300
11 to 18.—Eight Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting case genuine stem-winding and stem setting genuine Elgin Watches	800
19 to 29.—Eleven Heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns.....	500
30 to 90.—Forty-one Fine Black Cashmere Dress Patterns.....	412
91 to 150.—Sixty dozen sets silver-plated Tea Spoons.....	300
151 to 200.—One hundred and forty elegant rolled gold brooches.....	560
201 to 400.—One hundred and ten fine silver plated butter knives or sugar spoons	110

Our aim is of course to increase our circulation. We also hope to encourage the study of the Bible, but frankly this part of the plan is not our sole aim. We have lost so much money by dishonest agents, and have spent so much in valuable premiums to encourage them to send large lists, that hereafter we have decided to give all these things *direct* to subscribers, for answering those Bible questions. Be sure to remember that everyone competing must send with their answers fifty cents by post-office order, scrip, or small coin. They therefore pay *nothing extra* for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards as fifty cents is the regular yearly subscription price to the *Journal.* The competition remains open only till *fifteenth February* next, and as long as the letter is post marked where mailed either *on the day of closing (15th February) or anytime between now and then,* it will be in time and eligible to compete. You answer this promptly *now,* and you may doubtless secure one of the *first rewards.* If you answer *any time* between now and fifteenth of February, you may secure one of the middle rewards, and even if you answer on the last day (15th Feb.) and you live a good distance from Toronto, fifteen days being allowed after date of closing for letters to reach the office from distant points, you are almost certain to secure one of the consolation rewards. Subscribers who are nearing the end of the term paid for will do well to avail themselves of these great offers at once, as there is a possibility of their securing a piano, organ, gold watch, silver tea set, or some other of the many rewards offered. Address, *Editor of Ladies' Journal,* Toronto, Canada. Don't delay attending to this, but do *it now,* and you will not regret it, you may depend.

During the last week of October London had 89,221 paupers on the books.

A misunderstanding: His master—"Did you take those boots of mine to be soled, Larry?' Irish valet—"I did, sor: and see the thrifle the blag'yard give me for 'm!—said they was purty nigh wore through!'

Little Bessie had a doll which gave out a sharp little squeak when pressed with the hand. One morning the sound failed to respond to the pressure. "Mamma," she said, with much earnestness, "do you know, I think dolly has swallowed her squeak."

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

LORRAINE, Dec. 10th, 1884.

EDITOR LADIES' JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,—Please accept my thanks for the watch I received, awarded me in Competition No. 7, with which I am highly pleased.

Yours truly,
MARY M. MILLS.

CALEDONIA, Dec. 10th, 1884.

EDITOR LADIES' JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,—Received this evening the beautiful little silver watch awarded me in Ladies' Journal Competition No. 7, for which please accept my sincere thanks.

Yours truly,
ANNIE L. JONES.

TORONTO, Dec. 10th, 1884.

EDITOR LADIES' JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,—Accept my thanks for the handsome cake basket awarded me in Competition No. 8. It has been admired by all who have seen it.

Yours truly,
ANNIE DRAISEY.

GORRIE, Nov. 20th, 1884

EDITOR LADIES' JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the beautiful quadruple plate ice pitcher, which I won in LADIES' JOURNAL Competition No. 7. I was really surprised, and it is really beyond my highest expectations. I received it yesterday. Wishing you much success with your paper, I remain,

Yours truly,
WALTER STINSON.

GALT, Nov. 21st, 1884.

EDITOR LADIES' JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,—Our prizes, Nos. 19 and 20 in the Consolation, Competition, No. 7, came safely to hand two days ago, and they far exceed our most sanguine expectations. The ice pitcher is a most beautiful and costly article, and the watch a perfect gem to look at and a most reliable timekeeper; it was going when it came and has kept perfect time since. We are more than delighted with them. We hope to see your circulation reach a quarter of a million before another year, as your enterprise and fair, impartial dealing fully merits.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. T. PATRICK,
R. C. PATRICK.

KINGSTON, KINGS CO., N. B.

EDITOR LADIES' JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,—I received with pleasure the gold brooch that you sent me. Wishing you every success, I remain,

Yours truly,
IDA NORTHROP.

PETERBORO, Dec. 5th, 1884.

MR. S. F. WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of a Silver Cake Basket won in Competition No. 7, LADIES' JOURNAL, with which I am much pleased.

Yours truly,
J. A. TURNER.

WINNIPEG, Man., Nov. 25, 1884.

EDITOR LADIES' JOURNAL :

DEAR SIR,—I received the prize awarded me in LADIES' JOURNAL competition, No. 7, a silver plated cruet. I am very much pleased with my reward. Wishing you every success with JOURNAL and TRUTH, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

HAMILTON, Dec. 5th, 1884.

MR. S. F. WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—I received Cruet Stand awarded me in Competion No. 7. Am well pleased with it. Accept thanks,

Yours truly,
M. E. MCKAY.

CACHE CREEK, B. C., Nov. 5th, 1884.

MR. S. F. WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—I hasten to acknowledge receipt of the sateen dress which I won in Competition No. 10. Accept many thanks for same,

Yours truly,
MRS. L. M. ADAM.

482 King st. w., TORONTO, Dec. 9, 1884.

EDITOR LADIES' JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,—Received the Cyclopœdia won by me in Competition No. 7. Please accept my sincere thanks. It is a splendid book and I am much pleased with it.

Yours truly,
M. HOSKINS.

BLENHEIM, Nov. 26th, 1884.

To EDITOR LADIES' JOURNAL :

DEAR SIR,—Received to-day by mail volume of World's Cyclopedia, awarded me in LADIES' JOURNAL competition No. 7. It is a very useful book. I am very much pleased with it, Many thanks. Wishing you every success,

Yours truly,
WM. ANDERSON.

HURDLAND, Knox Co., Mo.
Nov. 7th, 1884.

PROPRIETOR LADIES' JOURNAL :

I received the nice butter knife I received as a reward in your Bible competition. I forgot the number of the competition, but I am very much obliged to you, I think it is very nice. I receive the LADIES' JOURNAL regularly and like it real well.

Yours respectfully,
LAURA E. MURREY.

Among the winners of prizes under the LADIES' JOURNAL competition are: J. Galloway, Jennie Galloway, E. Wilson, Mrs. W. Small, E. M. Wiley, Kingston ; Stanley Chant, Collinsby ; Viola Hunt, Birmingham ; Jennie Price, Newburg. Only the first third of the premiums has been announced.—[Kingston Whig.

TORONTO Dec. 6th, 1884.

MR. S. F. WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the beautiful cake basket awarded me in the LADIE'S JOURNAL Competition No. 7. I am very much pleased with my prize and wish you every success.

Yours truly,
NELLIE W. CAMPBELL.
per S. Coleman.

HIGHLAND CREEK, Nov. 28th, 1884.

S. F. WILSON ESQ.

DEAR SIR,—With many thanks permit me to acknowledge the receipt a of Williams' sewing machine as one of the successful competitors in LADIES JOURNAL Competition No. 7. I am much pleased with it and so are my friends who have seen it. I am doubly pleased, first in being successful, and secondly to let some of my friends know they were mistaken in their opinion of the prizes being a fraud. Wishing LADIES JOURNAL all success, I remain

Yours truly,
MRS. LEWIS LEWIS.

Sign of good breeding.—Getting the prize at a dog show.

MISS RIVERS' REVENGE.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Breakfast was just over; we had been longer about it than usual, the weather being too damp and drizzly to tempt us out of doors. Letters were being read with the last cup of tea. The squire selected one from his pile, and tossed it over to his wife, remarking that she would be glad to hear the good news it contained. Then it went from hand to hand until I had the pleasure of reading:

"My dear Squire,—I have just written the delightful word Finis at the bottom of a page, which is the last of my immortal (?) production. I will do no more work for weeks, but will take the train to-morrow and come to Blaize House, in time, I hope, for dinner. I do not apologize for this short notice, knowing there is even more joy within your gates over the uninvited than the invited guest.

"Yours always,
"Vincent Hope."

Vincent Hope! It must be my enemy. The allusions to his literary pursuits put that beyond a doubt. My time had come! I could not have selected a fairer field on which to mete out the vengeance I had stored up. As I read that letter, I positively blushed with pleasure, so vividly that I feared people might jump at entirely wrong conclusions. I thought of nothing all day but the way in which my enemy was delivered into my hands. The delight of having at last the chance of paying out the critic for his criticism produced a frame of mind which seemed to urge me to go into quiet corners and laugh at my own thoughts. I had plenty of time to mature my plans and draw soothing pictures of the effects of my revenge. I resolved to risk no chance meeting with the foe; and feeling that a good beginning would be half the battle, before six o'clock I went to my room to—m for the fray.

Remember, I am confessing, not jesting. I sent for my maid, and bade her take down my hair and brush it. If, as her deft fingers braided my locks to my satisfaction, I had thought the girl would have comprehended me, I might have quoted certain lines of Mrs. Browning's which kept singing through my head:

"Comb it smooth, and crown it fair;
I would look in purple pall, from the lattice down the wall,
And throw scorn on any one that's there."

Anyway, she crowned it fair enough, and, by my express desire, I—m in my most becoming gear. Then few minutes before the bell rang, I—nt her away, and stood alone before the cheval glass surveying myself with a contented smile. For my plan of revenge had at least the merit of simplicity; it was to win that man's admiration—*if possible his love*. Upon the day when he offered me that latter, and I coldly and scornfully rejected it, I should feel that I had squared all accounts between us in a manner highly satisfactory to myself.

How do women win men's love? I did not quite know; but I fancied, if conducted properly, the operation was not of a difficult nature. I hoped and believed I should succeed. Although my resolution reads badly, and sounds even worse, I comforted myself by thinking that as I meant to refuse what I laid myself out to win, no one would dare to censure me or accuse me of very unbecoming conduct. And now what are my weapons with which to conquer?

I look at myself in the glass. It may read like vanity, but I feel that old Mr. Ramsay's prediction is fairly verified. Although I blush as I appraise myself, I know I am no longer the slim school girl—but I am something not, perhaps, far off a beautiful woman. I am tall. My figure is certainly good. My complexion will bear any test; and something tells me I could, if I wished, make my eyes dangerous. So much for nature. As for art, I have chosen the prettiest of many pretty gowns, and my gowns now have a knack of sitting well upon me; so I am not ashamed to walk gracefully across the room, and courtesying to myself in the glass, say approvingly to my double: "Yes, Heritage Rivers, you have grown into a very decent sort of a woman—a very decent sort!" Having refreshed my memory by the repetition of that peculiarly galling phrase, I gather up my skirts and sally forth to victory.

Fortune favored me. As the greatest stranger and last arrival, it would have been in Vincent Hope's province to take our hostess into the dining-room had we not been favored that day by the presence of a county magnate, whose claim to precedence could not be lightly overlooked. It seemed but natural and part of the plot that the squire should present Mr. Vincent Hope to Miss Rivers, and for the second time in their lives these two should be seated side by side sipping their soup in unison—but this time, if wounded vanity was to be the result of the contiguity, Miss Rivers would not be the victim.

So I began:

"You have come straight from town, Mr.—Vincent—I fancied the squire said? We call him squire, you know."

"Oh yes. He is an old friend of mine. But he called me Vincent Hope, I suspect."

This gave me what I wanted, an excuse for looking him full in the face—an act which, besides being a fitting tribute to his fame, enabled me to observe how time had treated him. So I lifted my lashes and looked straight at him. If time had not been quite idle with him, it had treated him kindly. He was handsome as ever. The hair near his temples being just flecked with gray did not detract from his good looks. I thought his features looked more marked, and the whole expression of his face more confident and powerful even than of old. He had won success, and, no doubt, fully realized and enjoyed the fact.

"Vincent Hope!" I echoed. "Not *the* Vincent Hope?"

I guessed instinctively that flattery was not a bad gun with which to open fire. By this time his name was so well known that it would have been affectation to appear to misunderstand me. He bowed and smiled.

"How delightful!" I exclaimed, my look, I am ashamed to say, confirming my words. "Now, tell me how I should talk to you. Ought I to give you my opinion about all the characters in your books; or ought I to sit silent and awed, treasuring up every word of wit and wisdom you may let fall?"

"Neither, I must beg. I have just thrown off the harness, and come down to enjoy the squire's clover. I am trying to forget there is such a thing as work in the world."

"Very well. I shall take you at your word, after, as in duty bound, saying I have read all you have written, so far as I know."

His wish to avoid the topic of his own achievements may have been a genuine one, but, nevertheless, he seemed pleased with my remark, and looking at me with a smile, said:

"Exchange is but fair. I scarcely heard what the squire called you."

"Rivers—Heritage Rivers."

"Heritage Rivers," he echoed musingly. "It is an uncommon name; but I know I have heard it before."

"Oh, please don't say so, Mr. Hope. I did think I had one original thing to boast of—my name. How would you like, after looking upon all your plots as original, to find them but plagiarisms?"

He laughed.

"Many are, I fear. But you are trespassing on forbidden ground. Let us seek fresh pastures."

We did so. We talked all dinner-time. I think we talked about everything under the sun—talked, moreover, almost like old friends. When he differed from my opinions, he told me in well-chosen words why he differed. And as he spoke, I whispered over and anon to myself: "Raw and awkward—a decent sort of a woman." Yet now Mr. Hope was condescending enough not only to listen attentively to my words, but to reply to them as if they had weight with him. All this was very delightful. The first steps to revenge were smooth and pleasant ones; for there is no need to say that I hated him as much, and felt as vindictive, as ever.

He was walking straight to his fate. I felt it, when, just before Mrs. Lighton gave the signal for departure, he dropped his voice almost to a whisper, and was good enough so say that, to him, the peculiar charm of this particular dinner was that such an agreeable interchange of ideas would not be ended with the night, but might be resumed to-morrow. Coming as it did from such a famous person, I could only glance my thanks, blush and look pleased at the compliment.

When with the rest of my sex, I rose and walked to the door, I knew that his eyes were following me; and I knew also that, although clever, captious, critical those eyes might be, they could find little fault with my bearing or general demeanor.

At Blaize House it was understood the gentlemen, especially the younger ones, were not allowed to linger long over the wine. When they entered the drawing room, I was sitting, almost hidden from sight, in a recess near the window. I noticed that Mr. Hope, as he came through the door, looked around, as if in search of some one; and as, when at last he discovered my retreat, his search seemed at an end, I could only think the some one was myself. However, we had little more to say to each other this evening. All the children of the house were his friends, and had many questions to ask him. We had music and singing as usual; but I made some conventional excuse, and did not take any share in them. Before we parted for the night, Vincent Hope came to my side.

"Surely you sing, Miss Rivers?" he said.

"A little. But I'm not in the mood to sing to-night."

He pressed me to make the attempt, but I refused. Thinking I had done quite enough for the first evening, I kept my voice in reserve. But I talked to him for a short time about music, and found him well versed in the art, and, of course, an unsparing critic. He was very hard on the ordinary drawing-room playing and singing, and, by no means complimentary to the performers of the evening. I laughed, and told him how thankful I felt that something had warned not to show my poor skill to such an able but severe judge. My words led him to believe that my talent for music was a very third rate one. This was exactly what I wished him to think.

He was soon drawn away from my side, and we spoke no more until the general good night took place, and the men went off to the billiard-room, and my own sex to their couches. Once more I curtseied to Miss Rivers in the cheval glass, and told her she had surpassed my most sanguine expectations. Then, in a very happy state of mind, I went to bed.

CHAPTER III.

Very promising, too, were the events of the next day. I felt that the man I hated was paying me attention above my fellows. Of course, it was not marked enough to attract attention, but attention it was, undoubtedly. He walked with me, and told me, among other things, a great deal about his early life and struggles for success. He was quite interesting, so much so, that I wished I could check these confidences. I feared that his talk might awaken a suspicion of sympathy in my mind, which would grievously interfere with my vendetta.

That evening, he repeated his request that I should sing; but after the way I had misled him, I knew he only asked me for the sake of politeness. I began with one of those little ballads which he so much disliked; an easy, simple little thing, which could only be borne out of the commonplace by feeling on the part of the singer. I glanced at him as I finished the song. He thanked me quietly, but I saw he looked puzzled. Then I placed Beethoven's "Adelaide" before me, and sung it as I had seldom or never sung it—entirely to my own satisfaction. I rose from the piano, and our eyes met. He did not join in the chorus of thanks; but I knew he was more than moved; and as he followed me to my chair, I exulted, as I thought that the pet weapon in my armory had struck well home.

"Miss Rivers," he said, "I thought no amateur in England could sing that song to her own accompaniment as you sing it. I can only congratulate you whilst blaming you for deceiving me so last night."

I thanked him for his compliment; and for the rest of the evening Mr. Hope talked little except to me.

There!—I will write no more about it. Now, I am utterly ashamed of it all. Had it not been for my resolve to reject it when offered, I would have stooped to win no man's love—not even Vincent Hope's. But in five days I knew that my work was done, and fully done—so fully, that I dreaded the result of it, and began to wish that I had not been so vindictive. Worse than all, friends—as friends will—were exchanging knowing glances, and commenting on the relations which appeared to exist between my foe and myself.

Could I have conquered my nature, and decided to forego my revenge, it was now impossible to do so. For my own sake, matters must come to a climax, that all might see how little I cared for the man.

One night, as I sat in my dressing-gown over the fire, trying to make up my mind to tear myself from the pleasant glow and get into bed, Mabel Lighton entered my room. She was a good, true girl, who spoke her mind freely, and at times lectured even me.

"Heritage," she said abruptly, "what do you mean to do with Vincent Hope?"

I could not for the life of me help changing color, and was compelled to shield the cheek nearest Mabel with the fan which had been protecting my eyes from the firelight.

"Do with him! I don't know what you mean."

"Yes, you do," retorted my monitor. "Had it been anyone but you, Heritage, I should have called her a flirt. But you are not a flirt, we know."

"What have I done, Mabel?" I asked. The screen was still between us.

Mabel quietly pushed it aside; then, placing her hands on my shoulders, scrutinized my face in an uncomfortable manner.

"You have done this, and who can wonder at it? You have gained that young man's love entirely. But, although it seems so much unlike you, I believe you have brought him to your feet for vanity's sake. Heritage, he is a good man—a proud man. If you mean to give him nothing in return, I should say his life will be wrecked. Do you love him, or are my fears well founded?"

In some fashion, I was bound to reply. I sought refuge in levity.

"When I am moved to confess my sins, Mabel, it will not be to you, but to some nice ascetic High Church curate."

"Don't talk nonsense. I am in bitter

earnest. Vincent Hope will surely ask you to be his wife. You are rich, and he is comparatively poor; but I know that will not influence you. Only I say again, if you refuse, you are to blame for all that happens."

This must be stopped at any cost. Until now, I had always believed that hysterics and affectation were synonymous.

"Mabel," I said, "I hate Vincent Hope; but at this moment I think I hate you even more! Go to bed. I am too tired to say another word; so go away."

Therewith, I got into bed, turned my face to the wall, and left Mabel to put out the candle and get back to her own quarters when she thought fit.

I was annoyed and ashamed. She had nearly accused me of what I had in truth been guilty of—making love to my enemy. As people noticed my conduct, it became more and more necessary that I should clear myself from all such imputations. This could be done in one way only.

Perhaps I had the grace to avoid Vincent Hope somewhat during the next two days. Perhaps that very avoidance hastened the catastrophe. But on the third day, chance—pure chance, mind—left us together and alone. For a moment there was silence between us; then he drew near to me, and said in a quiet earnest voice:

'Heritage, I love you. Will you be my wife?"

I could not answer. All I could do was to prevent myself breaking into hysterical laughter.

He tried to take my hand.

Heritage, my darling! I think I loved you the moment I saw you. Look up, and answer me. Say you love me, and will be my wife!"

His wife! After hating him for so long—after Mabel's reproaches—after winning his love in a way the thought of which made me blush! Never, never, never!

So I steeled myself—drew myself up to every inch of my height—looked him full in the face—triumphed, and took my revenge. I hope and think I spoke composedly, if not coldly.

"Mr. Hope, you honor me greatly, but it cannot be. Please never mention it again."

His face was very pale; and when an expression of positive pain left it, grew stern, almost hard. My manner must have convinced him I was in earnest. No doubt, had I wished to do so, I could have made him fall at my feet and plead passionately. But then, unless one is an utter savage, vindictiveness must be limited. I had done enough.

Perhaps, under such trying circumstances, no man could have behaved in a more dignified manner than did Mr. Hope.

"I am to understand," he said calmly, but with a look in his eyes which I dared not meet—"I am to understand you—you do not love me?"

I bowed.

"Please let me hear you say so," he said.

"I do not. Let us say no more about it. I think I will go back to the house now."

We walked in silence until we were close to the gates. Then he said:

"Unless my presumption to-day makes my presence unbearable to you, I shall stay two days longer, as I promised Mr. Lighton. It is not worth while to set people inquiring as to the reason for a hasty departure."

"Certainly not," I answered. "Stay as long as you wish; or, if you prefer it, I will leave."

"That is out of the question," he replied, as we crossed the threshold and parted.

I went to my room—to exult, of course, in my revenge. It was so full, so complete, so exactly as I planned it. And writers and poets say that revenge is sweet. Oh, yes it was very, very sweet—so sweet, that I double-locked my door, that no one might see how much I enjoyed it—so sweet, that I threw myself on my bed, and thought my heart must break as I sobbed and wept; for the truth must be told—I loved Vincent Hope, even as he said, and as I hoped he loved me. Yet, for the sake of vanity, I had to-day rejected the love of a man, the best, the noblest, the cleverest in the world! I had hurled my hoarded stone, and right well it had fulfilled its mission; but its rebound had crushed me. Oh, yes, revenge is very sweet!

I rose, and walking up to the Heritage Rivers in the cheval glass, shook my fist at her violently. "You fool!" I said to her. "A nice mess you have made of life! Revenge, indeed! Call it by its right name—folly! Go and clothe yourself in sackcloth—cover your head with ashes, and cry your eyes out for to-day's work." Then Mabel's words about a wrecked life came to my mind; and although I could not believe that the happiness of such a man as Vincent Hope could be dependent upon an idiot like myself, I thought of that strange look I had seen in his eyes—that look which no resolution of mine could make me meet. So I went back to bed once more, and cried and abused myself. Ay, revenge, forsooth, revenge is sweet!

In spite of all, I determined to go down to dinner. I would do that much for his sake. It should not be suspected that anything had gone wrong between us; and I know that, if I stayed away, Mabel, for one, would certainly guess what had occurred. This, if I could prevent it, should be known to no one. I smiled grimly as I thought that now my revenge must fail in this; that the world would never know what I had scorned and refused. I made a great effort, dabbed my eyes with rose-water, and went down stairs in passable trim.

To-night we were not side by side, but sat directly opposite to one another. Mabel was right—Vincent Hope was a proud man. His discomforture was no concern of the world's, so he showed no traces of it. All save one at that table would have said that his heart was gay and light. No one would have dreamed that, a few hours before, his love had been refused by an idiot of a girl. He laughed and jested; anecdote and witty repartee fell unceasingly from his lips. He held the whole talk, or every unit of the party talked to him. Yet, womanlike, I noticed that he drank more wine than was his usual custom, and at times there was a sharper, harder ring in his voice. Had it not been for this, and the remembrance of the look which still haunted me, I could have believed he had forgotten or brushed away from his mind the events of the day. Vincent Hope was a proud man, and Heritage Rivers a fool!

I would rather say nothing about the next two days. I hated myself so much, that I wonder I have ever forgiven myself—perhaps I never have. All I care to say is, that none even suspected what had happened; even Mabel began to think that the accusation of flirting should lie at Vincent Hope's door, not at mine; for although he talked to me when needful, it was easy to see that his manner was changed.

The morning of the third day came, and I knew that in a few hours we should shake hands, part, and there would be the end of everything.

Blaize is fifteen miles from a railway station, and that station is so unimportant that very few trains stop at it. Vincent Hope, to reach town that evening, was obliged to start betimes. So after luncheon, Charlie Lighton and the dog-cart were waiting to take him to the train; and after many expressions of regret from host and hostess, he took his seat and was ready to start. Of course, our hands met, as in common with every one else he bade me adieu—a quiet, polite adieu, nothing more—not even coupled with the conventional wish that we might meet again. Why should he wish to meet me again? Our encounters as yet had not been happy in their results to either! That accomplished whip, Charlie, gathered up the reins, and with a last, all-embracing goodbye, Vincent Hope was sped away along the winding carriage-drive, and, for the first time in her foolish life, Heritage Rivers knew that such things as broken hearts may be found outside romances.

Something was afoot that afternoon—walking party or skating party; for it was the middle of January, and bitterly cold. Now that the necessity of keeping up appearances for another's sake was at an end, Miss Rivers felt very much like breaking down and disgracing herself. She longed for solitude and made some excuse to stay at home. As every one was bound on the expedition, she had the house practically to herself. After bemoaning her wickedness and folly for some time in the sanctity of her own chamber, a strange craving came over her. She felt she must go down and sit in the little room which adjoins the library; and although censuring her own weakness, she yielded to the impulse.

Vincent Hope, in spite of his resolve to spend his time at Blaize House in well-earned idleness, had been unable to do so exactly. Ominous rolls of printed matter came by post—a sin of long standing, he said, which publishers insisted on dragging into daylight at once. So he did one or two hours' work each day, and grumbled at it in a very amusing manner. By tacit consent, the little room had been kept sacred to him; there when he chose, he worked without fear of interruption. It was no doubt on account of this that Miss Rivers felt that uncontrollable desire to sit for a while in this particular room. The stupidity of her desire need not be commented upon, as her generally idiotic nature must have made itself manifest many pages back. She entered the room and closed the door softly. She sat down at the leather-covered table, and leaning her head on her hands, looked anything but a prosperous, healthy, comfortable young woman.

Presently she glanced stealthily around her, and from the bosom of her dress drew out a photograph of a very handsome, distinguished-looking man. Mr. Hope had given it to her, at her request, some days before. It was to go into her celebrity album, she told him. Laying it on the table between her elbows, Miss Rivers gazed at it long and earnestly, until her foolish eyes became so misty with tears that she could see it no longer. One by one those tears began to fall, and soon came so fast that she gave in altogether—forgot where she was—forgot all risk of interruption; and laying her head on the table, presented the very picture of woe.

Her bewailings and beweepings were at their greatest height, when the door was suddenly thrown open and Mr. Hope stood before her! She sprung to her feet, and in her agitation brushed the photograph to the ground. Even in her direst confusion, the prayer that it might have fallen face downwards ramified itself. But she dared not look to see; she had to face the intruder as best she could. Yet he seemed for the moment taken even more aback than Miss Rivers. He stammered out something about a shaft broken three miles from home—impossibility of catching train—come back to write telegrams, etc. Then he looked on the ground, and what he saw there was enough to make him glance wonderingly at the shamefaced girl who stood before him with wet lashes and glowing cheeks.

"Miss Rivers — Heritage!" he said, "tell me what this means."

She made no reply, but endeavored to pass him. He blocked the way, and by the exercise of some force, took both her hands in his. As they stood there, she could see on the ground between them that unlucky photograph lying face upward.

"Let me go, Mr. Hope," she said "It is unkind to keep me against my will."

Her appeal was vain. His strong hands held her yet more firmly. He seemed to be waiting until she chose to look up and meet his eyes. But that would never have been—not if they had stood there till the present moment.

At last he spoke; his voice was almost grave.

"Heritage, I am very proud. I have always vowed I would ask no woman twice to be my wife; but I will ask you once more if you love me?"

Miss Rivers only bent her head lower and lower.

"Answer me, Heritage!" he said, in a changed, passionate voice. "My darling, answer me, and this time truthfully!"

It was no use. Had she wished to do so, she could fight no longer. She ventured to raise her eyes a little, and said, so timidly, so differently from her usual way of speaking:

"If I thought you would only forgive me, I would try and show you what I cannot, will not tell you—how much I love you!"

She was very, very humble in her newfound happiness.

Then Vincent Hope loosened her hands a little, and— Well, these things only happen once in the life of a true woman, and she should never write nor speak about them. But when Charlie Lighton came to look for the telegram, not even written, nor, in the proposed form, to be written, Vincent Hope and Heritage Rivers were wondering, as every orthodox pair of lovers should wonder, why they were chosen out to be made the two very happiest people in the whole world.

So this was how I worked out my revenge.

It was only after we were married that I ventured to tell my husband that I had actually laid myself out to win his love—and why, when won, I had rejected it. My confession, which was really seriously made, being complete, he looked at me with mock severity.

"Heritage," he said, "had I known this before, I might, even at the eleventh hour, have thought better of the step I was taking in putting my future in the hands of such a vindictive young woman."

"And perhaps, sweet sir," I answered, "for the very fear of that, I have deferred my explanation until now."

THE END.

MUSHROOM TOAST.—Fry some mushrooms in butter, with a sprinkling of pepper and salt. Have some slices of buttered toast, and, as soon as the mushrooms are done, lay them on the toast and send to table at once.

CREAM PIES.—A cupful of sugar, a cupful of flour, sifted with a heaping teaspoonful of cream tartar, beat three eggs, add the sugar and flour, in three tablespoonsful of water with a small teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it; beat well and bake. *Cream filling:* A half cupful of sugar, mixed together, with two eggs, stir into a pint of boiling milk, let it cook and thicken, and flavor with lemon or vanilla; when cool, fill your pie. This is a very delicious pie, can be made into two, by baking in two round, deep tins, and splitting them. When eggs are cheap, not expensive, as no butter is used.

INDIAN CHUTNEY.—Half a pound moist sugar, four ounces salt, two ounces garlic, four ounces powdered ginger, two ounces dried chillies, four ounces mustard-seed, six ounces raisins (stoned), one bottle vinegar, fifteen large unripe apples, six ounces tomatoes. Boil the apples, sugar, and half the vinegar for one hour. Chop up the garlic, shallots, tomatoes, and raisins, and wash the mustard seed in water and let it dry. Then add all to the apples and sugar, and boil slowly for an hour and a half. Add the other half bottle of vinegar; let it cool, and bottle off or cover in jars.

Vital Questions ! ! ! !

Ask the most eminent physician

Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves, and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always?

And they will tell you unhesitatingly

"*Some form of Hops ! ! !*"

CHAPTER I.

As any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention, inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women."—

And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically "*Buchu ! ! !*"

Ask the same physicians

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia; constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, &c, and they will tell you:

"*Mandrake ! or Dandelion ! ! ! !*"

Hence when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable,

And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a wonderful and positive curative power is developed, which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is

Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

CHAPTER II.

"Patients

"Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs, called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy ! ! ! ! !

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness, and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of rheumatism, inflammatory or chronic, or suffering from scrofula.

Erysipelas!

"Saltrheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion and, in fact, almost all disease frail" Nature is heir to

Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighbourhood in the known world

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

A new candidate for favor in art pottery is beaded ware. The design in color is laid on a white or cream ground, and the glaze over the whole looks like fine crystal beads. It is very effective, the figures appearing as if veiled in a mist of dew or frost.

Mr. John Magwood, Victoria Road, writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure is a splendid medicine. My customers say they never used anything so effectual. Good results immediately follow its use. I know its value from personal experience, having been troubled for 9 or 10 years with Dyspepsia, and since using it digestion goes on without that depressed feeling so well known to dyspeptics. I have no hesitation in recommending it in any case of Indigestion, Constipation, Heartburn, or troubles arising from a disordered stomach."

A pretty fancy for dancing is the wearing of black silk stockings with jet clocks and slippers of black satin with a jet swallow perched on each instep, the beak terminating at the toe.

Jacob H. Bloomer, of Virgil, N. Y., writes: 'Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil cured a badly swelled neck and sore throat on my son in forty-eight hours; one application also removed the pain from a sore toe; my wife's foot was also much inflamed—so much so that she could not walk about the house; she applied the Oil, and in twenty four hours was entirely cured."

A departure in art furniture is the introduction of the Jacobine and Queen Mary Stuart styles, in lieu of the overdone Queen Anne.

STAR CEMENT.—Unites and repairs everything as good as new. Glass, china, stone earthnware, ivory, wood and leather, pipes, sticks and precious stones, plates, mugs, jars lamp glasses, chimney ornaments, Pictures Frames, Jewellry, trinkets, toys, etc.

The charge per gal.—A western young man and his sweetheart were drifting slowly into an ice cream saloon, when the following met his eye—"Vanilla, chocolate, lemon, and strawberry ice cream, $1 50 per gal." He turned and fled.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?—If so, you can testify to its marvellous power of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Briggs' Magic Relief, the grand specific for all summer complaints, diarrhœa, cholera morbus, dysentery, cramps, colic, sickness of the stomach, and bowel complaint

Sir John Lubbock's Clearing house returns show that the volume of trade during last year was less than that of the previous year by £350,000,000.

For worms in children, be sure and inquire for Sittzer's Vermifuge Candy. The genuine article bears the signature of the proprietor on each box. ☞ The public are respectfully informed that the Vermifuge Candy can be purchased of the principal druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Canada.

A call to arms.—"John, take the baby!"

A RUN FOR LIFE.—Sixteen miles were covered in two hours and ten minutes by a lad sent for a bottle of Briggs' Electric Oil. Good time, but poor policy to be so far from a drug-store without it.

Not very many years since tomatoes were known as love apples, and were regarded as poisonous. Last year the canning establishments of the United States put up 52,322,952 cans of tomatoes.

Many sink into an early grave by not giving immediate attention to a slight cough which could be easily stopped in time by the use of a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wistar's Pulmonic Syrup.

Radical burrows.—Moles'.

A FAMILY MEDICINE.—Over ten thousand boxes of Briggs' Life Pills are sold yearly in the Domtnion of Canada, which is the best guarantee of their quality and the estimation in which they are held as a family medicine.

British Burmah has for many years paid an annual surplus into the Indian Exchequer of £1,000,000 sterling, and this even during the last few years, when trade with the interior has been to a great extent thrown out of gear, owing to the ragaries of our objectionable neighbour King Theebaw.

SORE EYES.—The Golden Eye Salve is one of the best articles now in the market for sore or inflamed eyes, weakness of sight, and granulation of the lids.

The most popular provinces of China have as much, it is believed, as 800 inhabitants per square, mile the average being 260. The most thinly populated provinces are Kwang-si, Kweichan, and Yunnan. The latter, which, before the Mohammedan rebellion, counted some 16,000,000 inhabitants, has now only some 4,000,000, giving 40 to the square mile;

BRIGGS' GENUINE ELECTRIC OIL.—Electricity feeds the brain and muscles; in a word it is nature's food. The Electric Oil possesses all the qualities that it is possible to combine in a medicine, thereby giving it a wide range of application, as an internal and external remedy, for man and beast. The happiest results follow its use, and in nervous diseases, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, and kindred diseases it has no equal.

Every pupil must have been vaccinated before he will be received in the lyceums and colleges of France.

What makes me laugh when others sigh?
No tears can ever bedew mine eye
It is because I always buy—Briggs' Life Pills

Devonshire was once famous for a special kind of cider, made by mixing a certain proportion of mulberries with the apple-pulp in the press. The beverage resulting from this union was highly prized.

What is it makes me hale and stout,
And all my friends can't make it out,
I really could not live without—Brig Life Pills.

Badgers are "down" on young rabbits and will dig out a nest of them as well as a man with a spade. On some estates in Scotland they are so numerous and destructive that the keepers are obliged to take special pains to thin them out.

So if you're sad, or grie[illegible] or ill,
P[illegible] do not pay a doc[illegible] ill.
B[illegible]

IMPORTANT.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at cost of one million dollars. $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union than at any other first class hotel in the City.

There are no fixed rules for fashion this winter.

M. Sheehan, of Osceola, Mich., writes: "I have used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil on horses for different diseases, and found it to be just as you recommended. It has done justice to me every time, and it is the best Oil for horses I ever used." Observe that the name "Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil" is on front of the wrapper, as there are imitations of it.

Full toilet sets for dolls came this season arranged in pretty boxes in the form of Saratoga trunks, which upon opening are transformed into a bureau dressing case.

If a few grains of common sense could be infused into the thick noddles of those who perpetually and alternately irritate and weaken their stomachs and bowels with drastic purgatives, they would use the highly accredited and healthful laxative and tonic, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which causes "good digestion to wait on appetite and health on both."

The most becoming finish to the unbecoming bonnets of the season is to give them a border of fur, plush, or velvet, puffed around the brim.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

Fleece-lined silk gloves are more comfortable for mid-winter wear than kid, and are preferred by even the most fashionable women.

Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness, all depend on improper or irregular action of the Liver. Arouse the Liver to a healthy action by taking Burdock Blood Bitters.

Velvet and satin brocades are the materials for dinner and reception toilets.

Jacob A. Empey, of Cannamore, having taken Burdock Blood Bitters with good results in a lingering complaint, says he can "gladly recommend it to all."

A silk cord lace comes up among others for favor. It is called Khartoum, but probably originated in New York city.

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

A new fancy in folding beds comes in the form of an apparent ornamental mantel.

Mrs. Joseph Johnson, Pittsburg, Pa., suffered for years from Dyspepsia—used Burdock Blood Bitters which cured her. She says she now feels "splendid."

"Oh, Clara, did you see that Miss Astor was married the other day?" Was she, dearie? I hope the wedding was a happy one." "Oh, it must have been. Why, she had a satin train three yards long."

The late Earl of Malmesbury saw the ex emperor Napoleon the Third at Wilhelmshone, who, during half an hour, "conversed with me calmly as in the best days of his life, with a dignity and resignation which might be that of a fatalist, but could hardly be obtained from any other creed. When I saw him again I found him much more depressed at the destruction of Paris and at the anarchy prevailing over France than he was at his own misfortunes; and that the Communists should have commited such horrors in the presence of their enemies, the Prussian armies, appeared to him the very acme of humiliation and of national infamy."

Bad blood results from improper action of the Liver and Kidneys. Regulate these important organs by the use of that grand purifier Burdock Blood Bitters.

Galloons and braids are worn ad nauseam.

Fleece-lined silk gloves should be worn of large sizes rather than tight.

The mother of Chas. L. Ainsworth, 41 Vance Block, Indianpolis, Ind., says she "finds Burdock Blood Bitters a very efficacious remedy for Liver Complaint."

Woollen lace is a favorite trimming for dresses and bonnets.

Musical dolls are much improved and sing like prima donnas this season.

The Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, and Blood perform vital functions in the animal economy. The best purifying medicine for these functions is Burdock Blood Bitters.

The efforts of the English law reformers seem to have come to very little. There are no less than 336 appeals awaiting decision, and the arrears in the High Court of Justice have been estimated at 11,800.

The Ladies Guide To Fancy Work

It gives plain and practical instructions in Drawing, Oil Painting, and making Wax Flowers; likewise all kinds of Fancy Needle Work, Artistic Embroidery, Lace Work, Knitting, Tatting, Crochet, and Net work. It contains designs for Monograms Initials, Cross Stitch Patterns, Knit Edgings, Embroidered Borders and Corners Macrame Work, Applique Embroidery, Berlin Work, Java Canvas Work, Tracing and Perforating, Antique Lace, Beaded Lace, Darned Net Work, Tidies, Lambrequins, Ottomans, Counterpanes, Rugs, Carriage Robes, Brackets, Wall Pockets, Watch Paper Baskets, Work Boxes, Work Baskets, Work Bags, Pen Wipers, Hanging Baskets, Catch-alls, Pin Cushions, Footstools, Handkerchief Boxes, Glove Boxes, Card Baskets, Sofa Pillows, Table Covers, Table Scarfs, Screens, Scrap Bags, Hand Bags, Table Mats, Toilet Mats, Lamp Mats, Lamp Shades, Pillow Sham Holders, Curtains, Toilet Stands, Picture Frames, Slipper Cases, Letter Cases, Toilet Sets, Clothes Brush Holders, Cigar Boxes, Match Safes, Fancy Purses, Slippers, Dressing Gowns, Music Portfolios, Knife Cases, Fans, Flower Baskets, Plant Stands, Flower Pot Covers, Shawls, Dress Trimmings, Window Shades, Feather Work, Spatter Work, Leaf Photographs, and many other things. It is a book that should be in every American household. With it as a guide you may make hundreds of beautiful things for the adornment of your home and for presents to your friends at the most trifling expense, and no employment for ladies is more fascinating and useful. The book will repay its small cost many times over in a short time. Every lady will be delighted with it. It is a large book of 64 large 3 column pages, handsome cover, is finely printed, and, as above stated, contains over 200 illustrations. It will be sent by mail, post paid, upon receipt of only TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, or five copies for $1.00. By getting four of your friends to take a book each, you will secure your own free.

J. & S. LEE & Co., Montreal P.Q.

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A DEATH BLOW TO SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

LADIES when you are disfigured with superfluous hair on face or arms, buy a bottle of

Dorenwend's "Eureka" Hair Destroyer

This preparation is invaluable, for it not only removes the hair but by careful observance of directions destroy the roots, also softens and beautifies the complexion; it is safe, harmless, and painless.

Sent to any address on receipt of price. $2 00 for one bottle or three bottles for $5 00. Write address plainly, and enclose money to

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A. Dorenwend, Manager.

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and the worst case eventually cured by the use of

THE MEDICAL PILE REMEDY

Sent by post, with complete instructions, on receipt of $1.

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For sale by all Druggists.

LOVE COURTSHIP and MARRIAGE. Wonderful secrets, revelations and discoveries for married or single, securing health, wealth and happiness to all. This handsome book of 160 pages, mailed for only 10 cents by the Union Publishing Co., Newark, N. J.

THE FAMILY RECORD.

This should be in every home. A large stone engraving, size 18 by 24, printed on beautiful Tinted Plate Paper. In the centre we see an open book in which to register the name and birth of each member of the family. On the left hand a beautiful scroll for marriages, on the right another beautiful scroll upon which to inscribe the deaths. Illuminating it all in handsome type we have the words, "God Bless our Home." Underneath we have places for photographs of father and mother, and all around the picture are similar spaces, interspersed with beautiful flowers and leaves, the whole finished off in first-class style. We feel sure this will supply a want long felt. Sample by mail, 25c; 3 for 50c; 1 doz. $1.50.

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HEALTH FOR ALL !!!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,
78, NEW OXFORD STREET (late 533, OXFORD STREET), LONDON,

And are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. Each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

These Three Little Friends are going Travelling, and they want to visit all the Good Little Boys and Girls in America. Wont you Let us Come to Your Home? We will Start as Soon as you Send 15 Cents to pay our way. Our Elegant Wardrobe consists of 32 Pieces. Our Garments are of Every Fashion, and Style. If you send for us we will go where you live, and amuse you all the year. Ask Mamma and Papa to send for us, and we will wear our Reception Dresses.

Only 15 Cts for 3 French Dolls

WITH AN ELEGANT WARDROBE OF 32 PIECES.

Consisting of Reception, Evening and Morning Dresses, Bonnets, Street Costumes, Cloaks, Hats, Hand Satchels, Sun Umbrellas, Music Portfolios, Overcoats, Sailor Suits, Military Suits, Drums, Street Jackets, Watering Place Suits, Travelling Costumes, Dress Suits, &c. These Dresses and Suits in this Elegant Wardrobe represent Nine Different Colors, and they are lovely beyond description, several being from Designs by Worth, of Paris. There is One Little Boy and Two Girl Dolls in Each Set, with Pretty Faces and Life-like Beautiful Features, and their Wardrobe is so extensive that it takes hours to dress and undress them in their Different Suits. Every Child and every Mother that has seen them go in ecstacies over them. Children will get more real enjoyment out of a Set of these French Dolls than out of articles that cost $10. Every person that buys them sends immediately for more. A Lady writes us that her Little Boy and Girl played for five long hours with a Set of these French Dolls, and they felt very sorry indeed to think that they must stop and eat their supper, and if mothers only knew how much amusement there is in these Dolls they would willingly pay double the price asked for them. Sample Set, consisting of **Three Dolls** with their Wardrobe of **32 Pieces** by mail for **15 Cts.** Two Sets, **Six Dolls 64 Pieces** for **25 Cts.** Ten Sets for **$1** you get $1.50, 25 Sets for $2.50, you get $3.75 for them. Fifty Sets for $4.50, you get $7.50, 100 Sets by express $7.50 you get $15 for them. Any Little Boy or Girl or any Agent, male or female, can sell 100 Sets every day. If you do that you make over $50 a week. If you send for one or two Sets we will send our Secret Method and Full Directions how you can make more than One Hundred Dollars a month out of these Dolls. You have not one day to lose, as each day's delay is so many dollars lost to you. This rare opportunity is too valuable for you to lose. These Dolls are Gems of Beauty. **ADDRESS E. NASON & CO., 111 FULTON ST, NEW YORK.**

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—THE—

Great Holiday Bible Competition

NUMBER 13.

TRUTH The leading domestic weekly magazine of Canada, (28 large pages). Instead of giving large sums of money and valuable articles in the way of Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Silver Tea Sets, Gold and Silver Watches, etc., etc., to agents, are giving all these things direct to subscribers for answering Bible questions in the following manner, to the twenty-four hundred persons who correctly answer the two following

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Is Husband mentioned in the Bible. } One reference or answer to each question will suffice.
2. Is wife mentioned in the Bible }

will be given in the order mentioned the following valuable and costly list of First, Middle, and Consolation Rewards

FIRST REWARDS

First great reward will be given the sender of the first correct answer to the foregoing Bible questions... $1,000 in gold.

2, 3 and 4. Three magnificent Grand Square Pianos	1,650
5, 6 and 7. Three fine toned 10 stop Cabinet Organs	750
8 to 15. Eight Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches	800
16 to 28. Thirteen Ladies' Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches	1,170
29 to 40. Twelve best Solid Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Sets, six pieces	780
41 to 70. Thirty Gentlemen's Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches	900
71 to 100. Thirty Gentlemen's Solid Aluminum Gold Watches	800
101 to 135. Thirty-one Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Cake Baskets, new and elegant pattern	525
136 to 305. One hundred and seventy dozen sets of heavy Solid Silver Plated Teaspoons	850
306 to 509. Two hundred and four elegantly bound volumes of Shakespeare's Poems	510
510 to 715. Two hundred and six fine Silver Plated Sugar Spoons and Butter Knives	206

All these seven hundred and fifteen rewards will be given out strictly in the order *the correct* answers to those Bible questions are received at **TRUTH** office. The first *correct* answer taking number one, ($1,000 in gold); the second correct answer number two, (one of the pianos), and so on till they are all given away.

Then after this list will follow the Middle Rewards, which will be given in this way:—At the conclusion of the competition, (Feb'y. 15th,) all the answers received will be carefully counted by three disinterested parties, *when to the sender of the middle correct answer will be given number one, a fine stylish trotting horse and carriage.* The next correct answer following the middle one will take number two, (one of the pianos). The next correct answer, number three and so on till all these middle rewards are given away. Here you have the list in full.

MIDDLE REWARDS

Number one. A fine stylish Trotting Horse and Carriage $1,000

2, 3, 4 and 5. Four Square Grand Pianos, by a celebrated maker	2,100
6, 7, 8 and 9. Four fine toned Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker	1,000
10 to 20. Ten fine Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches	1,000
21 to 32. Ten Ladies' fine Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches	1,000
33 to 50. Eighteen Solid Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Services	1,440
51 to 70. Thirty Double-barrell English Twist breech-loading Shot Guns	2,700
71 to 110. Forty sets (10 vols. to set) complete Chamber's Encyclopedia	2,000
111 to 134. Twenty-three Gentlemen's Solid Coin Silver Hig. Case or Open Face Watches	690
135 to 162. Twenty-seven Solid Aluminum Gold Hig. Case Watches	540
163 to 350. One hundred and eighty-eight dozen sets of heavy Silver Plated Tea Spoons	900
351 to 600. Three hundred and fifty Solid Rolled Gold Brooches, newest design	1,050
601 to 940. Three hundred and fifty-six copies of Milton's or Tennyson's Poems	866
941 to 1,254. Three hundred and fourteen Solid Silver Plated Sugar Spoons or Butter Knives	314

After these will follow the *Consolation Rewards* for the last comers. So, even if you live almost on the other side of the world you can compete, as it is *the last correct* answers that are received at **TRUTH** office that takes these rewards. The plan is this, your letter must be *post-marked where mailed* not later than the closing day of this competition which is *February fifteenth,* (fifteen days allowed after date of closing for letters to reach us from distant places,) so the more distant you are the better your opportunity for securing one of these elegant and costly

CONSOLATION REWARDS

1, 2 and 3. Three elegant Rosewood Square Pianos	$1,540
4, 5, 6 and 7. Four Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches	400
8, 9, 10 and 11. Four Ladies' Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches	400
12 to 17. Six Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Tea Services	540
18 to 29. Eleven sets Chamber's Encyclopædia (10 vols. to set)	600
30 to 39. Ten Solid Coin Silver Htg. Case or Open Face Watches	300
40 to 90. Fifty-one Aluminum Gold Htg. Case Watches	1,000
91 to 121. Thirty-one Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Cake Baskets, elegant design	450
122 to 200. Eighty-nine dozen Solid Silver Plated Tea Spoons	445
201 to 400. Two hundred volumes Tennyson's Poems, elegantly bound	450

This finishes the largest and most elegant list of rewards ever offered by any publisher in the world. *It will positively be the last unless* the results of this competition far exceeds the proceeding ones, as I certainly cannot afford to continue them. I have now kept faith with my subscribers and the public in continuing these Bible competitions for a year, as promised, and this great one, offering this immense list of rewards will be a fitting close to the affair. Bear in mind every one competing must send *one dollar* with their answer for which **TRUTH,** (the cheapest and best weekly for the money) will be sent six months. You therefore pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards, as one dollar is the regular subscription price of **TRUTH** for a half year. You cannot fail to be well pleased with your dollar investment even if you do not succeed in gaining any one of these rewards, as **TRUTH** is extra good value for the money as thousands of our subscribers have testified. Long lists of winners in previous competitions appear in nearly every issue of **TRUTH,** and full lists of winners in this entire competition will be published in the issues of **TRUTH** immediately after the close of the competition on fifteenth February, with the full name, street and number, when in cities, and in fact all the addresses as completely as possible, in order that all may be satisfied that there is no fraud or humbug in this matter. In order to prevent fraud, the proprietor of **TRUTH** reserves the right to deny any person or persons the privilege of competing for these rewards. We have always done *exactly as promised* during this year in conducting these competitions, and our reputation for fair and honorable dealings, is too well established now to risk overthrowing it. Look up these Bible questions, it will do you good apart from anything else. These competitions have done, you are assured, a great deal to promote the study of the Bible among all classes. Now this may be your last opportunity to secure an elegant piano, a gold watch, a fine horse and carriage, in addition to a half year's subscription to one of the most widely circulated and most popular weekly magazines you may have, so attend to it now. Don't delay. All money must be sent through the post office or by express. None can be received by telephone or telegraph. Don't forget that we don't guarantee that everyone will get a prize, but out of nearly twenty-four hundred rewards you doubtless will secure something. Be prompt. Answer as soon as possible after seeing this notice, and **TRUTH** will at once be forwarded as an acknowledgment of your subscription, and your letter will take its place in the order it is received at this office. There is no favouritism, and all are treated alike, fairly and squarely.

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Ladies' Tweed Ulsters from $1.50 to $13.50.

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